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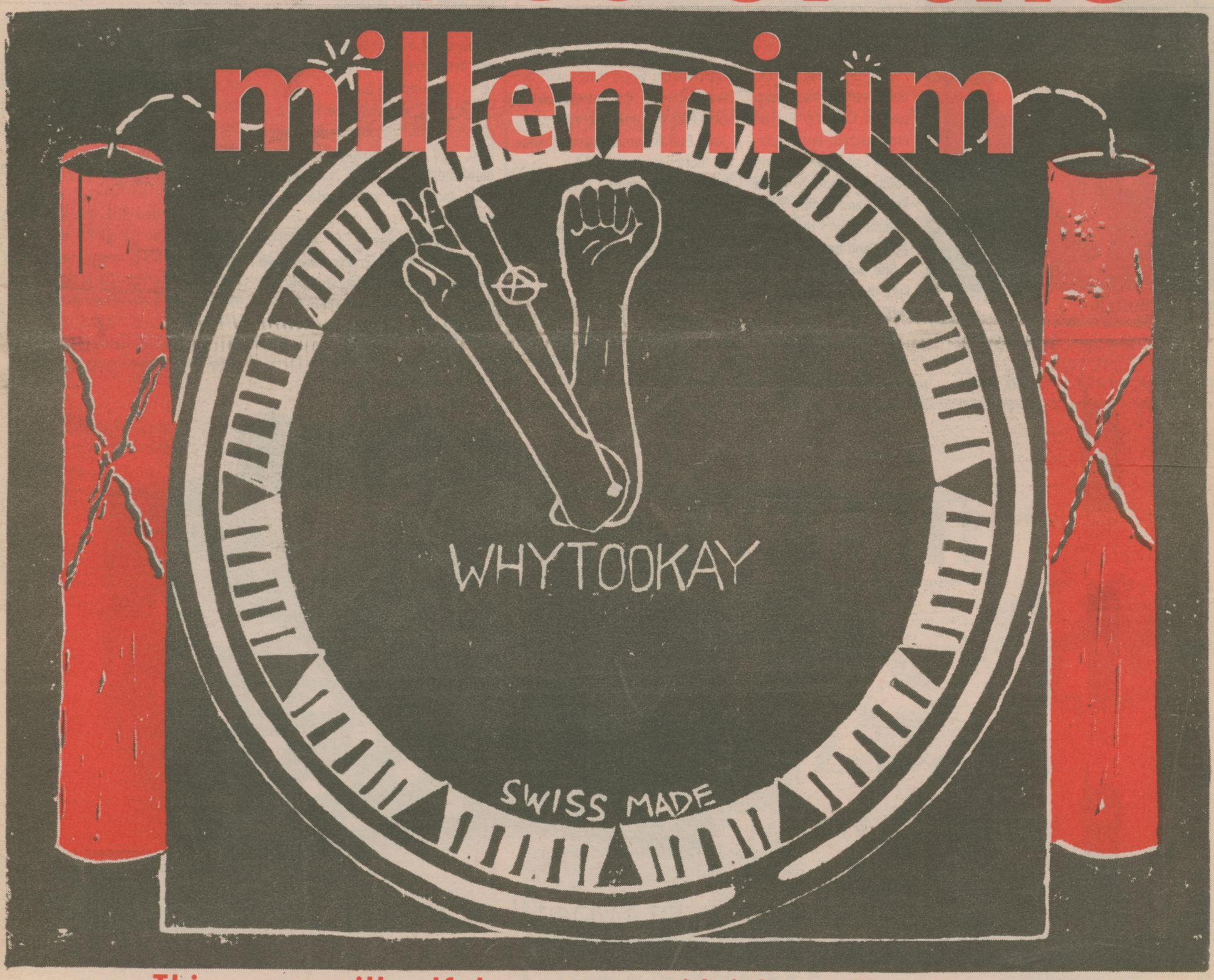

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Native matriarch inspires group

BY SARAH GLEN

A self-proclaimed "radical grandmother" presented her vision for First Nations youth in the next millennium at a speech held last week.

Marilyn Buffalo, grandmother and president of the Native Women's Association of Canada (NWAC), spoke to an audience of students, teachers and concerned Victoria residents about the mission of the national organization to promote the interests of native women and youth across Canada.

"We [NWAC] are sharing the vision that despite all odds we, as aboriginal women, can overcome and stand united at the end,"

Dr. Taiaiake Alfred, director of UVic's post-graduate Indigenous Governance Programs, invited Buffalo to speak.

We were robbed. How can we pass down oral history, language and spirit if the children are removed? Hope comes from the native women standing up

"The Indigenous Governance Program's mission is to bring an indigenous presence to the university and finally return something back to the community," said Alfred.

Buffalo singled-out residential schools as the primary cause undermining the role of native women in the 20th century.

"We were robbed. How can we pass down oral history, language and spirit if the children are removed? Hope comes from the native women standing up."

Marilyn Buffalo

Photo submitted

After analyzing the turbulent past of native peoples in Canada, Buffalo emphasized the importance of women and youth as a tool to "build strong and healthy communities in the year 2000 and beyond."

She went on to highlight the complacency of native youth as an effect of dysfunctional aboriginal communities.

"Native communities haven't learned how to function as healthy communities yet. To become healthy, we must listen to our women and our youth. And that means our youth must get involved," said Buffalo.

Audrey Roy, a master's student in the Indigenous Governance Program was inspired by Buffalo's speech. She said the chance to interact with the people involved in the issues students in the program discuss in class was "an exciting opportunity."

While Buffalo focused on the role of native women and youth in Canadian communities, she also broadened her speech to include Canadian women and youth, regardless of nationality, as important actors in her vision for the next millennium.

"Be kind and respectful of women and children. Good things will happen as a result. It is in the power of voice that strength is found."

But Buffalo emphasized change will "not come overnight."

UVic's Indigenous Governance Program is in its first year of operation and currently includes nine master students and two doctorate students.

Suzuki talks about the birds and the bees and ol' CFCs

BY KELLY RANKIN

When David Suzuki spoke to a sold out crowd in Victoria's Alix Goolden Performance Hall, he was wishing he was somewhere else.

On Nov. 30, after briefly pushing the book he co-authored with Holly Dressel called *From Naked Ape to Superspecies*, the well-known environmentalist said his only regret was that he wasn't in Seattle to witness the World Trade Organization protests.

Despite the longing, Suzuki (who could have been in Seattle if he hadn't bumped his talk from Monday to Tuesday night, much to the displeasure of the waiting crowd) stuck around to condense the history of environmentalism for his audience.

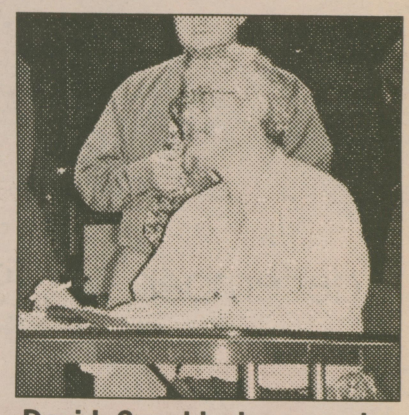
For Suzuki, the movement started in 1962 with Rachel Carson's book *Silent Spring* and continues right up to last week's WTO protests.

Suzuki said he believes we are made up of air, water, fire and earth, and therefore we are essentially made up of and from the Earth.

This being the case, he feels it is ridiculous for humans to use water, land, and the atmosphere as toxic dumpsites. Suzuki said humans, animals and plants are all affected by this pollution.

He used the case of DDT and CFCs to illustrate how humans have used technology without understanding the dangers associated with them.

He said most people have traces of DDT in their system as a result of biomagnification — an accumulation of toxins through levels of the food chain. The chemical, he adds, is still produced in South America.



David Suzuki signs copies of his latest book at UVic.

Martlet photo by Gareth Jones

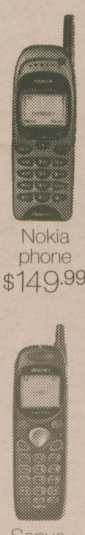
Suzuki said humans have been slow to respond to the affects of these technologies.

"Biomagnification was only discovered when eagles started dying."

He warned the audience to be wary of current technologies such as the bioengineering of food sources and predicted negative repercussions for the environment.

"Every technology has a cost," Suzuki said.

Suzuki ended the talk by taking questions from the audience. He managed to simplify more complicated theories of ecology for non-biologists, earning him a standing ovation.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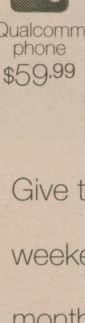
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Locals mourn at AIDS vigil

BY CARMEL ECKER

The circle of people that gathered in Victoria's Native Friendship Centre passed a box of kleenex around in preparation for Victoria's World AIDS Day candlelight vigil. For many, tears were inevitable.

By the end of the Dec. 1 vigil, about 50 floating white candles glowed and reflected off the water in the large glass bowl standing at the centre of the circle.

People found it difficult to stay dry-eyed as they set their lit candles in the water. Some made dedications to family and friends who have died of AIDS, and others were unable to say anything at all.

As she welcomed everyone to the vigil, Cindy Jamieson said, "We are here to commemorate those who are living and those who have gone to the other side with AIDS."

Ed Wilson, whose brother and partner both died of AIDS, echoed Jamieson's message.

"I would like us to remember those people [who have died of AIDS]. They are gone but not forgotten. I refuse to forget them."

David Swan got up to speak about his experiences with AIDS, as a gay man growing up in the 1980s.

Swan explained how the emergence of AIDS early in the decade affected his life. He described the whispers about GRID – "gay-related immune disease" – around New York and San Francisco as his friends began to get sick.

"Hospitals were afraid to take gay men with any AIDS-like symptoms," said Swan. "Doctors turned us away. I remember visiting friends in the hospital, having to pass through doors with large, red biohazard signs."

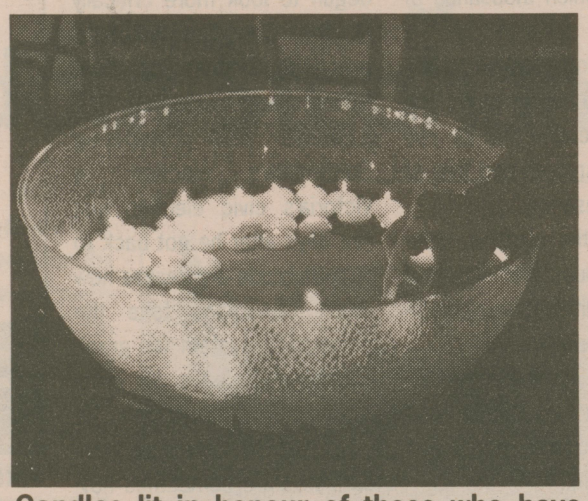
He said someone living with AIDS today is much better off than someone who was infected with the virus 20 years ago.

"We've come a long way since those early days," said Swan, "but my life was shaped by them."

Street Outreach nurse, Anne, works with HIV-infected people everyday (Outreach nurses, for safety reasons, do not give out their last name.) She emphasized the lack of resources for people living on the streets.

Anne said the people she works with don't have access to the medication necessary to treat AIDS symptoms and many die of an overdose before they die of AIDS complications.

Minneh Kamau said similar problems exist in Kenya. She remembers how she couldn't get the medication she needed when she lived in Kenya and many of her friends living there with HIV and AIDS still can't get it.



Candles lit in honour of those who have passed away or are living with HIV and AIDS.

Martlet photo by Carmel Ecker

One of the most important things, Kamau said, is for people to learn from their experiences and keep others from going through the same thing.

Her final message to everyone was, "Stay awake, stay aware, AIDS is real."

Ruthann Tucker, executive director for AIDS Vancouver Island, is worried people might begin to think they don't have to worry about AIDS because of the new medications.

"People are able to live longer because of the drug treatments," said Tucker, "but we are also seeing a large number of those drugs fail on people."

The various drug combinations used to treat people with HIV and AIDS can be very toxic and sometimes fail because people's bodies can't adjust, Tucker added.

"Anyone out there who really thinks that they don't have to worry about HIV and AIDS is probably going to have to really worry about HIV and AIDS because they might find themselves ending up testing positive."

Native healer Natalie Ryan finished the evening by performing a smudging, a native cleansing ritual, for everyone at the vigil.

What you should know about AIDS and HIV

The first case of AIDS in Canada was reported in 1982. Since that time, an estimated 54,000 Canadians have contracted HIV and 20,000 of those cases have developed into AIDS. Every day, the virus is transferred to a dozen more Canadians.

Although the number of AIDS cases is dropping, reported HIV infections are on the rise. A growing number of teenagers are contracting the virus.

Between 1982 and 1990, the average age of the reported HIV positive case dropped from 32 to 23.

HIV is transmitted through unprotected sex, the transfusion of infected blood, the sharing of contaminated needles and from an infected mother to child during pregnancy, labour or breast feeding. The most common way of transmitting HIV is through the sharing of needles, as infected blood is transferred directly from one person to another.

In 1989, AIDS Vancouver Island and the Capital Health Region (CHR) began to address the problem by using a mobile needle exchange unit for the Victoria region. Since that time, the exchange program has moved to a site downtown and the mobile unit has moved to the Cowichan Valley.

During the 1997 - 1998 fiscal year, the CHR's program distributed 250,000 syringes to more than 1,500 injection drug users.

The fastest rising group contracting AIDS and HIV is heterosexual women between the ages of 24 and 35. Most women contract the virus through unprotected sex.

Improvements in drug and therapy programs have also helped reduce the number of reported AIDS cases in Canada.

Parking lots aren't as full due to U-Pass

BY MIRANDA POST

The jury is out on the effects of the U-pass system on parking.

Despite some complaints, many UVic students don't seem to notice the parking lots are not as busy because of the increased number of classmates using the Universal Bus Pass system.

According to Gordon Dash, UVic's Security and Parking Coordinator, there has been a drop in the number of parking permits purchased since the beginning of September compared to the 1998-99 school year.

"We projected a fall of 500 [passes purchased] and we're down about 350," said Dash. While there are 350 fewer people driving to school, the lots seem to be just as full as last year.

"I honestly don't see a difference in parking, unless I am here early in the morning," said student Keri Matterscheid.

"It's like they are punishing us for driving, not taking the bus," said another student Matt Krawchuk.

Devin Gallher agreed with Drawchuk. "I think the U-pass is retarded," he said, "Especially for people who bike or walk and have to pay."

If parking pass purchases are down, why are some people complaining?

Dash said it all depends on where people are looking for parking. Of the 15 numbered lots on campus, lots one, four and five will always be full because of their proximity to campus and the newly built Business and Economics Building (BEC).

"People tend to build buildings on this campus without thinking about parking," Dash said, referring to the consistently full number four and eight lots near the new BEC and Centre for Innovative Teaching (CIT).

According to Dash, the traditional peak days of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday aren't as busy as years past.

Usually there are between 200 to 250 vacant spaces at any given time during the day on campus lots, but this year there are about 350 vacant spots, said Dash.

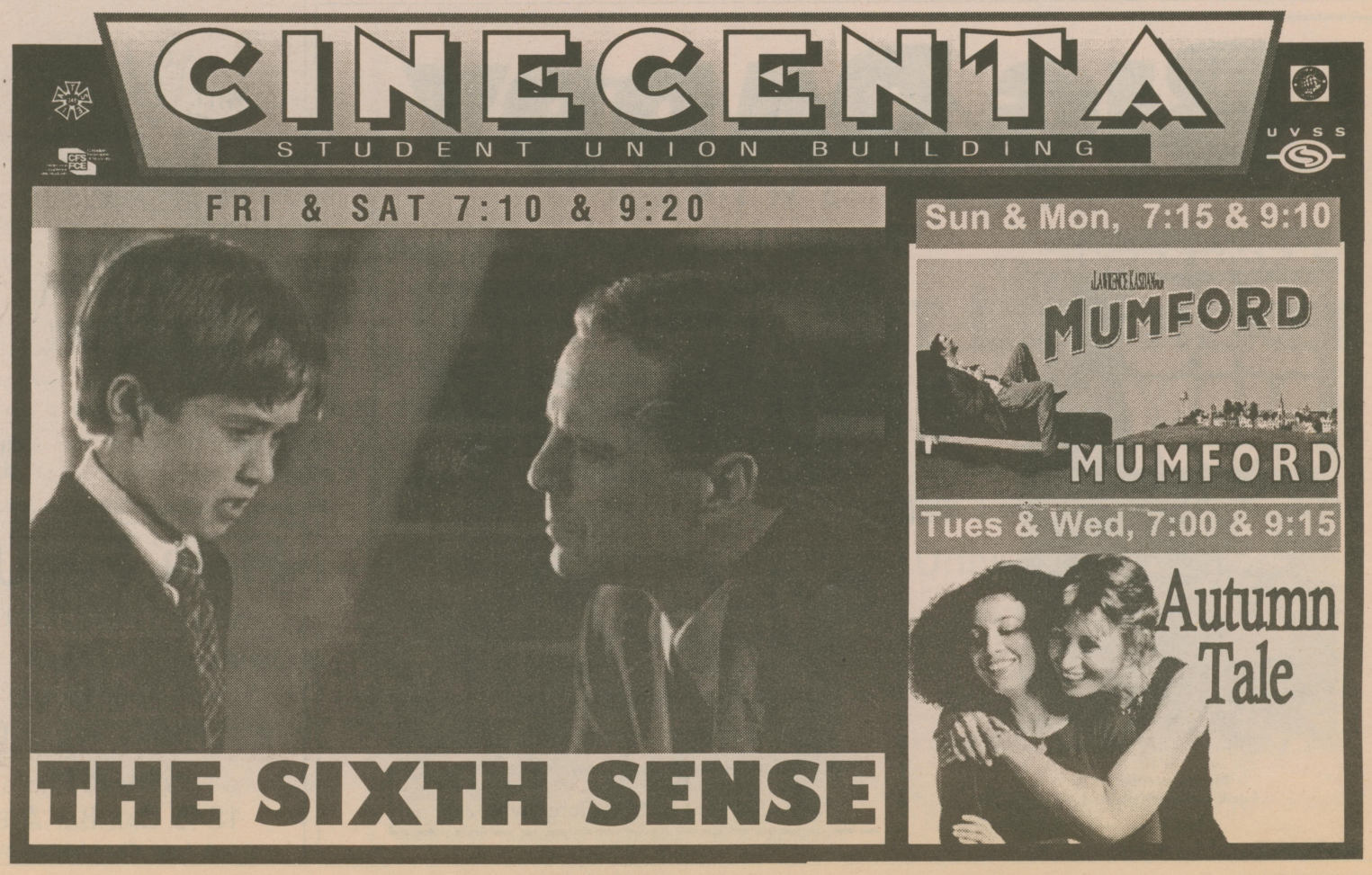
The number of vacant spots could decrease as the weather gets colder and buses get more congested, said Dash, adding that some students are just now coming in to buy parking passes.

If B.C. Transit doesn't start running more buses, he added, the number of parking permits will actually be closer to regular purchase levels.

Chris Ford, marketing manger for B.C. Transit, said the company has, and will continue to increase buses on UVic routes.

"The biggest risk in the whole U-Pass system is transit getting swamped," said Ford.

UVic has the cheapest parking passes for medium-sized universities in Canada. A 52-week general parking permit costs $130.59, compared to universities like Simon Fraser and the University of Edmonton where a permit costs between $300 and $900. A U-Pass costs every UVic student $44 a term.



Canadians observe first democratic Guatemala elections

BY CARMEL ECKER

Earlier this month, a delegation from Victoria went to Guatemala as part of an international group of observers ensuring the credibility of the country's Nov. 7 national election.

The delegation, organized through the B.C. Human Rights Commission, observed and recorded everything they saw during the election, as well as the campaign during the week prior.

Group members Steve Baileys, Michael Nash and Therese Boulard said their presence helped maintain a fair and peaceful election.

The election follows the 1996 signing of peace accords which put an end to the country's 30-year civil war, in which thousands of Guatemalans died.

"Voters came up to us and thanked us for being there," said Boulard, a human rights officer. "So there was the perception that the voting process was relatively smooth and free of violence because of our presence."

During the week before the election, delegates met with various groups that informed them about Guatemala's political culture, political history and current campaigns.

Boulard said viewing the election in a historical context made it "very moving to see what they [Guatemalans] were coming out of and what they were trying to build."

In the past, many Guatemalans have "disappeared" while right-wing military dictatorships maintained power in the country, which prevented alternative parties from getting elected. Due to pressure from social groups political parties have developed and are being held to party platforms, Boulard said.

Baileys said it's encouraging to know certain groups are watching the government and are able to challenge its actions without fear they will disappear for criticizing the government.

All three delegates said it's the eyes of the world that have allowed Guatemalan people the opportunity to have a democracy.

"[From this experience] I now know that it is a good thing for the eyes of other people in the world to be watching," says Nash.

Baileys, Nash and Boulard also said they've begun to look more critically at the Canadian electoral process because of their Guatemalan experience.

Baileys said comparing Guatemala's election to Victoria's civic election just five days after he got back to Victoria made him realize how much Canadians take the democratic system for granted. We often leave our problems up to other people, he said. "Our own electoral turnout rates are sometimes hovering around 50 or 55 per cent."

The Guatemalan polling system, Boulard said, made voting very difficult for people who didn't have education, money or transportation.

By North American standards, Boulard said, Guatemalan elections are "very inaccessible and very cumbersome."

Because of the huge fraud problems Guatemalans have had to build a "fraud-proof" system and compromise accessibility.

Baileys pointed out that our electoral system is so open and trusting that he could have voted illegally at 40 different polling stations during the civic elections and probably not have been caught.

Guatemalan university students are very important to the elections because they try to register as many voters as they can by helping those who had trouble with the process.

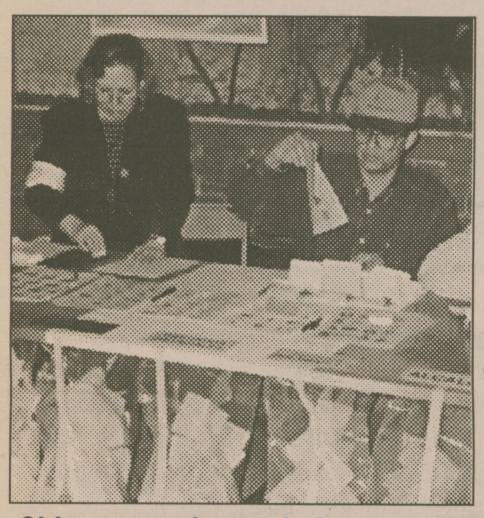
"They did what they could, in terms of their limited resources as students, to get further education up and voter registration up," said Boulard.

Law students will also be working on a project to increase voter registration and participation over the next four years, she said.

Baileys hopes to organize another delegation to observe the Mexican national elections in July 2000. The Victoria delegates are writing a report on their observations, which will be released in the next two weeks.

This Guatemalan church served as one of the main polling stations in the country's first democratic election.

Photo submitted



Citizens register their votes in the last Guatemalan elections.

Photo submitted

Student wants policy revamped

BY SIMON GLEZOS

The UVSS constitution leaves too much room for personal interpretation, one University of Victoria student says.

Prompted by the revocation of club status from Youth Protecting Youth (YPY) — a campus club accused of being an anti-abortion group — Chris Horte, a first year law student, is requesting a review of University of Victoria Students' Society (UVSS) policy.

The UVSS revoked YPY's club status after they began putting up posters the UVSS felt contravened their policy supporting pro-choice political views.

Horte argues this decision reflects the personal opinions of UVSS directors and not the student body.

"I believe the board represents a narrow cross section of the student population."

Horte would like to see a more precise constitution which limits the interpretation of board members. He also argues for a process by which UVSS policies could be reviewed.

"I would like to see someone who is responsible for interpreting the UVSS bylaws. If a student felt that a rule or bylaw was not constitutionally viable they could appeal it."

Martine Conway, UVic Ombudsperson, said there is currently no process for appealing UVSS policy outside of the Annual General Meeting.

Chris Moon, UVSS director of Services, declined to comment on the matter because it is still being discussed by the Board.

Although no members of YPY could be reached for comment, at a UVSS meeting last month group supporter Chris Massey said the board of directors' decision to take away the group's club status was based on "personal views."

The vigil for the Montréal Massacre was held at the University of Victoria, in front of the MacLaurin building on Dec. 3. Students lit candles and placed roses on crosses to honour the memory of the 14 slain women.

Martlet photo by Greg Sherwell

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Ottawa protects Canadian water

BY DAVE LEIBL

WINNIPEG (CUP) – Thanks to a new bill passed in Ottawa, water from Canada's Great Lakes is not going to be exported any time soon.

The same, however, cannot be said about waters in the country's interior.

Recently, Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy and Environment Minister David Anderson announced the International Boundary Waters Treaty Act has been changed to protect Canada's boundary waters, primarily freshwater from the Great Lakes.

"These amendments will give us the authority to prevent the damage that bulk water removals can cause our environment," said Axworthy.

But several groups were quick to criticize the prohibition, reproaching the government for failing to address water removals from Canada's interior and for not taking care of the details that accompany the amendments.

The Canadian Environmental Law Association (CELA) said the government has taken a step in the right direction, but maintains that work remains to be done to adequately address the conservation of the nation's natural resources.

"[The government] has taken the right approach in that they have framed their legislative initiative to protect ecosystems," explained CELA's co-ordinator Sarah Miller.

"The problem is, they haven't put out the regulations that go with the act. Right now the act leaves all the licensing and the approvals of projects solely to the discretion of the minister of foreign affairs. If they're going to protect ecosystems, they need to have an environmental component."

Federal New Democratic Party Trade Critic Bill Blaikie criticized the government for not imposing an outright ban on water exports.

Refusing to ban exports indicates the Liberals have come to terms with the fact that the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) limits the measures they can take to protect Canada's resources, Blaikie charges.

"When they signed NAFTA, the Liberals assured Canadians it wouldn't limit our ability to prevent bulk water exports," he said in a prepared statement. "Now, realizing their hands are tied by the NAFTA deal they signed, they're pursuing a mish-mash of half-hearted measures that don't add up to a national ban on bulk water exports."

Axworthy concedes an export ban would make Canada more susceptible to challenges from foreign companies because banning exports would contradict international trade rules.

An outright ban would be "wrong in its approach," he said.

But the NDP maintains that trade agreements shouldn't dictate how the country protects its water. The party said Ottawa needs to introduce an export ban and it should renegotiate NAFTA to avoid future trade challenges.

"If the government is worried about the NAFTA problem, it should address the NAFTA issue directly instead of leaving Canada's water vulnerable like it's doing now," Blaikie said.

Men tackle the issue of violence

BY KAREN GRIFFIN

ST. JOHN'S (CUP) – A male group has formed at the Memorial University of Newfoundland with the aim of fighting against sexual assault.

Men Against Sexual Assault (MASA) will help raise awareness and educate men and women on the issues surrounding sexual assault and violence.

Kirk Wiseman, Memorial's Student Union vice-president (internal), said the idea for MASA grew out of a conference he attended last month.

The national 'Speak Out' conference, held in Calgary from Nov. 5 to 7, focussed on campus sexual violence across Canada.

"[Men] were congratulated for being there and with how times are changing," said Wiseman. "It would be great to have a male perspective [on sexual assault]."

During this conference, Wiseman said he found himself inspired to begin a society like MASA. He said the concept is similar to groups on a few other campuses across Canada.

While the society is still in its preliminary stages, Wiseman said it will exist to raise awareness among students in residence and the general student population.

The society will try to educate men on what to do when encountering situations involving alcohol.

"If you meet a girl and she's been drinking . . . [any] 'no' means no," said Wiseman.

"I know a lot [of men] on campus who would love to get involved [in MASA]," he added. "Because they have been victims or have a friend who has been."

The formation of the group pleases Suzanne Mercer, a spokesperson from the Women's Resource Centre (WRC).

"I think it's a really progressive move on the part of the Student's Union," she said. "You need everybody talking about [violence against women and sexual assault] for people to pay attention."

The WRC serve a number of the needs of women on campus including services for women in crisis. The centre also serves to raise awareness of women's issues on campus.

"I'm really impressed that [Wiseman is] taking the initiative to get something done," said Mercer.

Last of WTO protesters released from Seattle jail

BY DANIELLE PANUSH

SEATTLE (U-WIRE) – As the last of about 750 World Trade Organization (WTO) protesters were released from Seattle's King County Jail on Dec. 6, stories of police violence inside the cells began to emerge.

Julliette Beck, a media liaison for the Direct Action Network Media Collective, said she's heard several reports of police violence toward those who were arrested.

"A lot of people were terribly mistreated," she said.

Elizabeth Carlyle, national deputy chairperson for the Canadian Federation of Students, was more blunt.

"There was a total mood of violence," said Carlyle, who spent almost 48-hours inside the King County Jail. "As an example, there was a women over 60 and she was being packed down and searched. She was treated pretty roughly."

"When she said she was being treated roughly, she was tackled to the ground by two male guards," continued Carlyle. "They totally wailed on her and pulled her arm back, not enough to break it but as far as they could."

Carlyle said she saw police kick jail protestors repeatedly, and, "saw a lot of people pushed around, rough handled, kicked, beaten up and pushed into walls."

"To be really honest, it was like a bad prison movie," she said.

Carlyle's comments contradict those by Jim Harms, a spokesman for the jail, who told the *Seattle Times* in an interview that his staff acted professionally and did not carry out any abuses. City officials were not available for further comment on Dec. 5.

After some jailed protestors were released for various reasons throughout the week, 300 protesters were let go on personal recognizance between 7:30 p.m. Dec. 4 and late on Dec. 6.

Until this weekend, many jailed protesters banded together to resist arraignment by not giving their names to police.

After negotiations with the protesters' lawyers on Dec. 4, the jail agreed to eliminate bail if those jailed would reveal their names. Most of those jailed must be tried within 90 days.

Despite lawyers' lengthy negotiations with Mark Sidran, a city attourney, those arrested were not granted their request of having all charges reduced to traffic infractions. Protesters hoped this reduction would allow judges to consider their previous jail time as penalty enough and would not have to fine them.

Most of those jailed have been charged with misdemeanours, and about a dozen will face felony charges.

Outside the jail, a group of supporters welcomed protesters back to the streets with hot food and music. The group remained in the King County Jail's courtyard throughout the weekend to voice their concerns for those jailed.

The solidarity was a success, as protesters were able to gain access to lawyers and telephones.

Those released Dec. 6 have to wait for their trials and they don't intend to make it easy. The protesters, most of whom face similar charges, can choose to be tried together or separately.

Protesters hope this method will clog up the courts, putting pressure on officials to deal with the protesters in a more pleasing manner.

Protesters see the trials as a way to show jurors, judges and media why the group was protesting in the first place.

With files from Canadian University Press

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editorial

More millennium bullshit

It's coming. Even as we speak there is a new year barreling down on us, waiting to turn 1999 into nothing more than the answer to the Trivial Pursuit question "In what year did *the Martlet* finally put the word 'Fuck' on its cover?" And so we heave a brief sigh, then haul out the noisemakers and dust off the two bottles of sparkling night train that didn't get finished off at last year's New Year's bash.

"But wait!" the television tells us, "This isn't just any New Year... this is a new millennium!" (Pause for hushed awe and murmurs of excitement). "This is important. We must remark on this. We must make speeches. Attend grand parties. Declare official peanut butters of the new millennium. And most importantly, be afraid. After all, a thousand years have gone by."

"A thousand years since what?" is the inevitable reply. And rightly so. You've heard all the arguments already and the arbitrary nature of the new millennium has been fairly well established. "The new millennium doesn't really start 'till the Year 2001." "The Gregorian calendar got all messed up when they were converting from Julian." "Why the hell are we even using a Gregorian calendar when there are others that work just as well?" And so on and so forth.

And for the most part, these arguments are taken to heart. With the exception of a few wingnuts hanging out in bunkers deep beneath the Arizona desert eating canned peaches and rereading the book of revelations for the 200th time, most of us are taking this millennium thing with at least a couple of grains of salt.

But all the same, those three zeroes do seem awful big, don't they. Big and round. And given what a compulsive navel-gazer we as a society have become, it's fairly tempting to grab hold of any big, arbitrary event and use it as an excuse to get into one big societal introspective circle-jerk. And maybe that's a good thing.

Maybe with the weight of 2000 years on their backs, people will actually look and take stock of the world around them. Maybe with a fresh millennium before us we can finally pull our collective acts together and try to make a better world. A world where we refuse to keep destroying the earth for some vague, mercantile idea of progress. A world where people are no longer judged, discriminated against or attacked based on their race, background, religion, sexual orientation or any other characteristic that has nothing to do with their basic worth as a human being. A world where we finally see war as the problem and not the answer. A world where our collective value systems are finally based on something other than money.

Tired? Clichéd? Naive? Probably. Let's face it, humanity doesn't exactly have the best track record when it comes to self-improvement. But all the same, it's a new year. And, arbitrary or not, that means we've at least got one more go around the sun to try to get things right.

From all the staff at *the Martlet*, Happy Holidays.

the Martlet says:

Only monkeys throwing feces drive fucked up!

Editorial topics are decided upon by staff at editorial meetings on Mondays at 4:30 and are written by one or more members. Opinions are not necessarily those of all staff.

letters...

Show Me the Equity

University students need to be less hasty in condemning corporate funding. I'm not saying they shouldn't support rioting protesters at the WTO conference in Seattle, but we have to consider the implications.

While the federal government has cut spending on post-secondary education, and the provincial government has frozen tuition, our education suffers. There are limited library resources, large classes and long waitlists. If UVic allowed more corporate partnerships, outdated buildings could be renovated and more classes could be offered.

Corporate critics speak of evil companies stockpiling their ever-increasing profits with no social responsibility. Why not let the corporations give back some of the money in no nobler a form than an investment in education?

Perhaps the corporate giants watch hundreds of misdirected university students take part in a riot in Seattle and wonder, maybe they aren't at school because what their tuition affords them is not engaging enough.

Wouldn't you like to see corporate tax dollars go straight to universities as donated tax deductions since the government is limiting the amount directed there? Critics seem to want a higher level of funding, and corporate partnership is an effective solution.

While the level of influence and the ethics of what is taught in a corporate institution is an issue, free thinking professors haven't been voicing their concern. It may be a concern for paranoid students but it seems that teachers would be reacting more strongly to the possible influence. Our campus is already a "Pepsi Only Zone" and I have yet to come across a capitalism convert because of it.

I'd be happy to hear that the requested section in the Big Bucks Company building had been added, as opposed to waitlisted as number 72 in the Classroom Building.

Julia Kwinter

The Dec. 6 Ceremony

We would like to congratulate the organizers of the ceremony. It was well thought out and meaningful. We felt that this year's ceremony was much less threatening and segregating to males than it has been in the past.

We feel that *the Martlet* should follow suit. *The Martlet* seems to take an angry women-only side in this memorial. We were also upset to see the names of the women printed. The families of the deceased have expressed numerous times that they do not want their daughters' names published, yet *the Martlet* has continued to do so.

In the future, we hope that *the Martlet* will keep in mind the purpose of the Memorial. It is to help end violence towards women, not to continually remind these families of their sorrow. The goal of this remembrance is to end the segregation between men and women, with a common goal of living in a harmonious non-violent society.

Gabriel Bowers
Quentin Liedtke
Robyn Dosenberg
Lila Klektau

on the spot

By Jenny Kirkpatrick

If the world was coming to an end, how would you want it to end?

Hannah Hilderman
3rd year, Spanish

"With everyone feeling content with what they've accomplished in their life."

Erinne Branter
3rd year, Biology

"A big blast, just finish it off so it's done."

Randy Williams
4th year, EOS

"A big fireball; bells, whistles, everything."

Richard Wang
4th year, Economics

"Quick and painless."

Dave McCutcheon
3rd year, Economics

"I want an alien spaceship to blow us all up, like the Deathstar."

martlet

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letters policy

the martlet has an open letters policy and will endeavor to print every letter received from members of the university community, with priority to undergraduate students. Letters must be typewritten, submitted on disk or by e-mail and include your name and phone number for verification. Letters must be 200 words maximum. Letters will be reviewed for libel at ***the martlet*** editorial meeting on the week of publication. Deadline for letters is Friday noon for publication date. Letters will be prioritized by order received. Letters will pseudonyms or group names will not be printed. Anonymous letters will not be printed. Letters will only be edited for spelling, grammar and length.

WTO: Property, privilege and protest

Tear gas and rubber bullets may be an outrage in Seattle, but what about the state violence that threatens human life and sovereignty worldwide?

BY TRACY MCKEE

The protests in Seattle against the World Trade Organization (WTO) have given rise to some incredible debate, not only about the WTO and its capitalist agenda of world domination, but about our individual and group political leanings and philosophies. We shut the WTO down. In the process, I think so many of us have opened our own minds in a way that I see as an awakening and a radicalizing of large numbers of people — often in unexpected ways. People I would have never expected to be supportive of civil disobedience and mass action are supporting protesters absolutely. This reaction, alone, gives me hope for the future. You didn't have to be locked down in front of the conference centre in Seattle to understand what the WTO is all about and that we live in a police state that protects capitalism to the point of war on the people in Seattle and ultimately on peoples worldwide.

At this moment, I am feeling an incredible amount of emotion. I feel solidarity with (and worry about) those being brutalized and detained in jail, an intense rage about the many injustices in our world, and hope (and fear) for real change and how this can actually occur. I am also feeling a sense of disgust and betrayal towards those activists who are trampling over each other to distance themselves from anarchists and other protesters who destroyed corporate property in Seattle. Some are even saying that anarchists caused the police violence. Clearly, this view supports capitalism and the state. It angers me that people are so quick to blame their brothers and sisters and align themselves with the powers that shot, gassed and assaulted every one of us. It is an activism born of privilege that compels and allows us to distance ourselves at all.

In my view, property damage is not violence. Stop for a moment and consider what most people were and are protesting about the WTO. The issue is resisting capitalism and corporate rule and its resulting damage to workers, indigenous peoples, the environment, poorer nations, human rights, education, health — the list goes on. The agenda of the WTO is violence. Property is violence. That the right to own property is more important than human dignity and human need is violence. Consider, also, that much of the property damage in Seattle was targeted at large corporate interests, such as McDonald's, Nike and the Gap, not small community businesses. So,ask yourself, is it random vandalism or a considered tactic and obviously powerful statement?

I stand by all of the protesters, whatever their method or medium. The oppressed, together, have more power. This is also what I saw in Seattle — people with diverse but common interests coming together to fight for justice. When we impose a white, western, middle class philosophy of manners and niceness (which is agreeable to the state) upon other protesters and hold the value of property above human life, our values smack of an undeniable support of capitalism and the status quo. That is not to say that we should not choose our own tactics. It is to say that we should. Face it. Revolution is messy. Revolution is angry.

Yes, WTO protesters (and residents) in Seattle were and continue to be subjected to extreme use of force by the state and violations of basic civil and human rights. Many people are suffering from the effects of chemical warfare, physical violence and psychological trauma. But I think people are also suffering from the effects of consciousness. I hear people saying "How could this happen here, in the western world?" as if it never has before. Oka, APEC and Gustafsen Lake come to my rnind. It has happened here, it is happening here and it will continue to happen here until each one of us takes action. Let's not forget, also, about Canada's history of violence, genocide and colonization and our participation in dominating other countries as well. The motive has been capitalism, the argument has been racism, the methods have been colonialism and war.

In some ways I think it is about time that a bunch of (mostly) privileged white young people (like myself) felt the brunt of the violence of the state (informed by the capitalist agenda) and tasted chemical weapons, fear and rage. If that's what it takes to make the global issues of class, racism, the destruction of the environment, workers rights and cultural autonomy more personal, then so be it. People of colour, indigenous peoples and poor people worldwide experience economic, state and physical violence everyday.

Protesters lock themselves together outside the Convention Centre in Seattle.

Martlet photo by Tim Harvey

Tear gas is not mustard gas. Rubber bullets are not metal bullets. Please consider this, also, and think about oppressed peoples in Canada and worldwide who continue to be killed by our police, by our armies, by the state. The links between white supremacy, patriarchy and capitalism are clear. Let's not dupe ourselves into believing the rhetoric that Canada is such a wonderful, democratic and peaceful place.

Please think about the difference between property and human life. Think about how much you may have bought into the media accounts of the Seattle protests. Think about whether you believe it is better to have a "seat" at the WTO table or smash the table altogether. Think about how your shopping habits affect workers here and in other countries. Think about the environment. Think about what you feel is the role of the police in society. Think about the racism inherent in capitalism. Think about the violence Canada uses against First Nations peoples. Think about the violence used against the poor. Think about your own values. Think and then act....in whatever way you see fit.

student voice

The tears of my generation

BY ELISABETH DENT

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by apathy. I found it easy to watch TV and accept the general wash of depressing reality as an uncontrollable symptom of our time. What I learned in Seattle above all is that humankind isn't a club that I don't necessarily want to be a member of. Maybe I don't resent the revolutionary fad of the past because (maybe) counterculture becomes mainstream because those of us who think society sucks are in the majority.

Nobody is surprised that the media lies to us. We are just so damn tired of searching for truth that we'd rather tap into the old kundalini and survive the machine, the Clinton-esque ridiculousness that we have been spoon-fed and always hated. I've always believed in the "other" but I thought that it carried with it a sense of alienation. The big surprise? I'm in style, I fit in, I am cool not because of what I wear, but because I care.

I stepped into the middle of some serious chaotic poetry on Tuesday in Seattle. I haven't seen that much artistic expression in my four years in Fine Arts. Impromptu street rappers railing about Armageddon and the Latin beat of the Zapatistas guiding me to the burning wreck of our freedom. And yet I was just as welcome there as anywhere else. I was just as much of a threat to the "New World Order" as the anarchist freedom fighters I grew to respect while I was there. For the first time in my adult life, I was not afraid of the Gap, the Gap was afraid of me.

The pseudo-war-zone environment gives you a sense of power. We were on Capitol Hill when it really went down and the black beetle super-cops in their Kiss boots and Hercules breastplates ambushed us. You could see, in them, a fantasy being lived out. Super Heroes fighting civil disobedience. But they were no match for us. The talks broke down before anything was accomplished, the arrested were let go. Wse, the people, changed the status quo. Business owners and residential onlookers joined us on the streets.

I saw the tears of my generation in Seattle. Granted, there was enough tear gas exploding by our heads to make the world cry. I saw, for once, why it is better to care, rather than tell myself that I do not have enough information every single time forces are gathering. Inside I always cared but I felt alone in it. I did not believe in anything and I mistrusted every group and organization calling me to care. The reason why I care, I guess, is because I believe in what I can achieve individually and artistically. But in Seattle I was surrounded by the greatest celebration of life. I am alive. And I finally know that I am not alone.

Victoria physiotherapist Graeme McCreath walks with his guide dog Yendall.

Martlet photo by Kristin Froneman

White Canes, Seei and Navigating t

BY DAN SEIBEL

The Internet is

Jeff Fong, a vocational rehabilitation consultant who works for the provincial government, is blind but still navigates the World Wide Web. How does someone who can't see "surf" the Web, which is full of hyperlinks and colourful graphics? I follow him and his white cane down a hallway into his office to find out.

Fong's computer looks like any other typical Pentium. It rests on an uncluttered desk in an exceptionally organized and clean office located in the Ministry of Social Development and Economic Security building on Douglas Street. He leans his cane against a red brick wall next to a chair where he invites me to sit, and pulls his ivory keyboard toward him. "This is my cane," he says.

The Internet is no longer just for the sighted – new technology is making the Web more accessible to the blind.

Jeff Fong was not born blind, but became blind four years ago. He learned to use the Internet through a program offered to provincial government employees through the Ministry of Health (MOH).

The idea to assist all B.C. government employees who are blind or deaf with the Internet recently originated within the MOH library, located on Blanshard Street. Head librarian Elizabeth Woodworth is a key player in supporting educational opportunities to teach techniques and benefits of the Internet to both blind and deaf employees. Woodworth has been coordinating Internet instruction for MOH employees for the past four years.

"The library has developed special resources, including a manual and a videotape to assist people in searching the Web for authoritative health information resources to support their work. The course has been offered to MOH staff for several years but teaching the Internet to employees who are blind or deaf is a new feature that we have developed in the last few months," says Woodworth.

MOH employees learn how to navigate subject directories, perform advanced searches, and evaluate Web information found on the Internet. With the new Internet training service for the blind and deaf being offered, even more government employees are benefiting from learning to use the Internet.

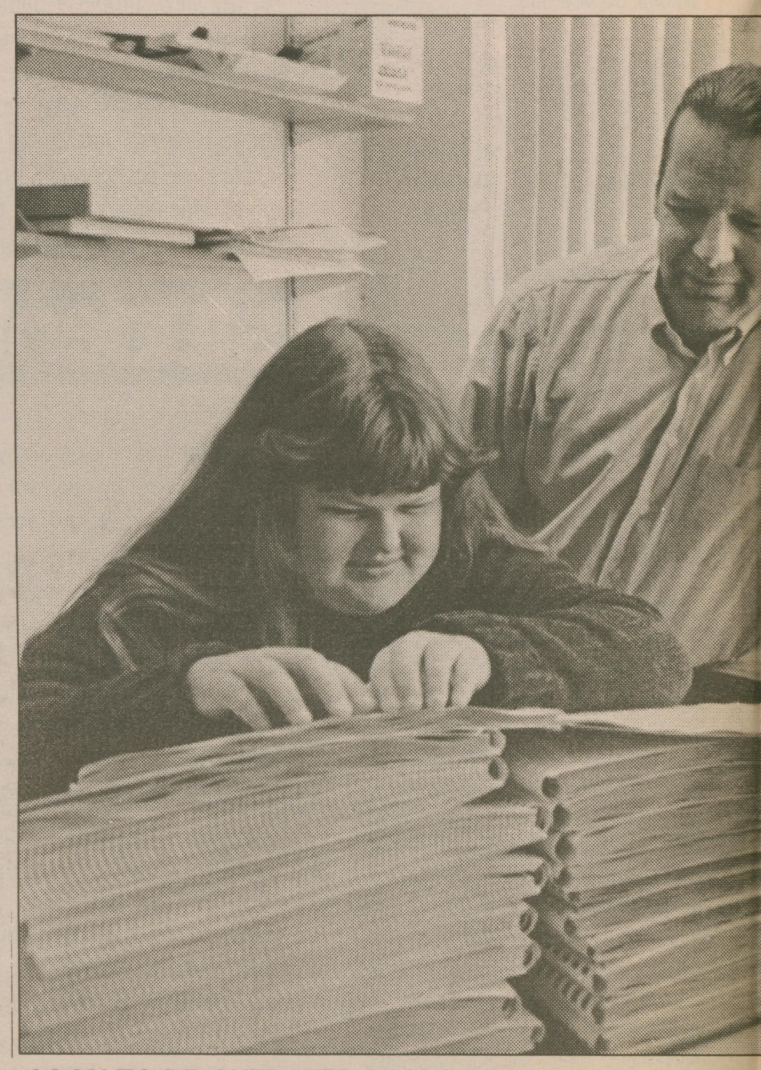
Fong uses his keyboard to communicate his navigation commands and uses a speech synthesizer called DECtalk in combination with text-to-speech software called Job Access With Speech (JAWS) to turn on-screen text into words spoken by a computer-generated voice. This technology allows him to hear contents of Web pages and e-mail messages. He plays back for me an e-mail message I sent him earlier in the week. I close my eyes and listen.

For my benefit Fong then brightens the blackened screen monitor so I can see Web sites. "I find using Microsoft Explorer works better than Netscape Communicator with my text-to-speech software," he says. "Explorer allows more flexibility than Netscape because you can use keyboard commands instead of mouse commands, which works better with my JAWS software." Operating systems like Windows can portray graphically enhanced Web sites but at the same time, they can make use of the Internet difficult for those who are blind because most Web sites do not provide a description of the graphics.

University of Victoria psychology major, Jenny Ferris, is another blind person who's making use of new technology to access the Internet. A young woman from the Yukon, she laughs when asked if she brought a Husky seeing-eye dog along to navigate the streets of Victoria. She says she uses a cane to find her way.

"I'm fairly mobile and can navigate quite well without a seeing-eye dog. I live on campus, and feel dogs should be able to run on a farm, out in the open, and not be confined in a building. I don't have time for a dog. I have a student loan and to properly care for and feed a dog is a big responsibility. I don't need the added stress in my life."

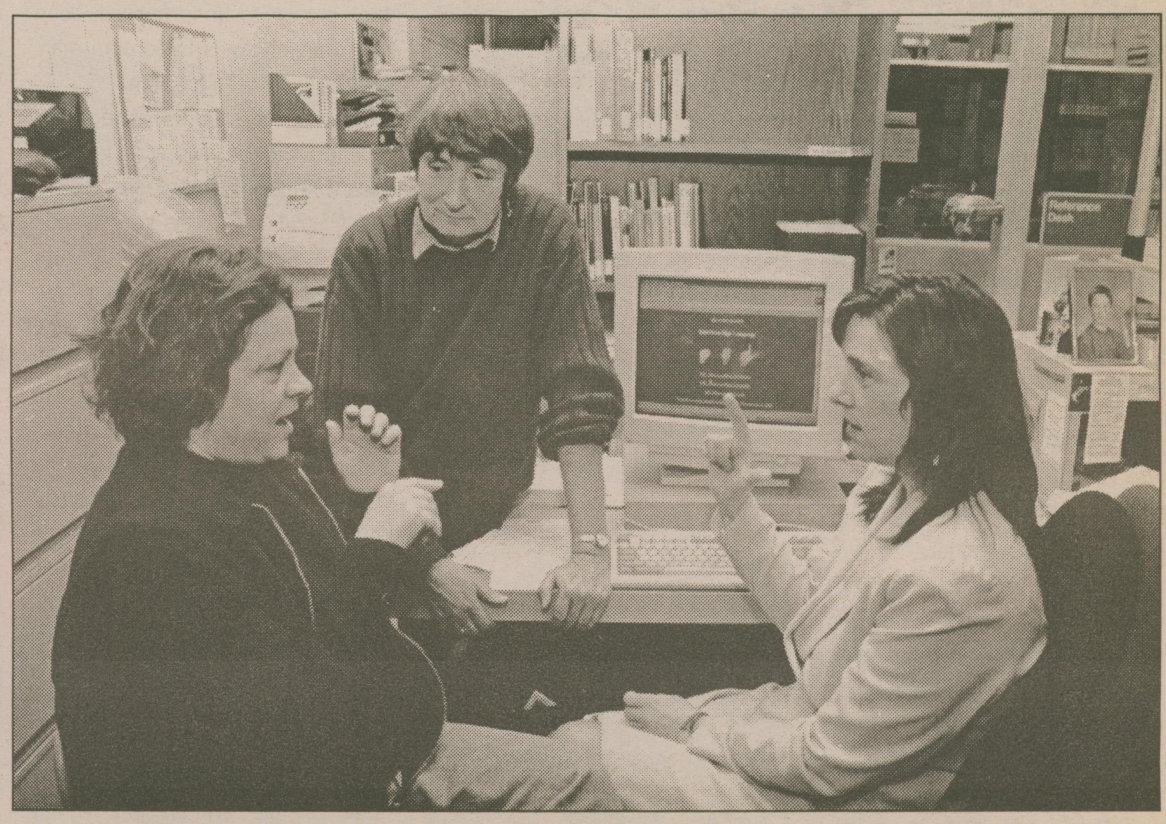
Ferris has an outgoing personality, and makes it her prerogative to be curious. Her positive disposition is evident in her confident and articulate speech. "I want to be with everybody else, and not be just hanging out with blind people. There is this misconception that a blind person can't do this or that. I might be walking on campus; people will approach me and ask if I need any help, thinking I'm going in the wrong direction. They will then try to re-direct me in the



SOON TO BE OUTDATED TECHNOLOGIES? Fourth-year with Resource Centre for Students with a Disability Co Jenny Ferris shows off a Braille Lite computer.

ng-Eye Dogs, he Internet

no longer just for the sighted.



Ministry of Health (MOH) employee Cathy May (left) teaches fellow hearing-impaired employee Cathy Thorson American Sign Language using an Internet site in the MOH library as head librarian Elizabeth Woodworth looks on.

Martlet photo by Kristin Froneman

opposite direction to where I want to go. But I know where I'm going," she says.

Ferris not only knows her way around campus, but can also easily navigate the Internet using the same JAWS software and DECtalk speech-text technology that Fong uses. Set up in her home is computer equipment connected by cable to the Internet, which provides a much faster service than a modem connection.

Before these new technological advances, the Internet was pretty much inaccessible to blind people. But not all blind people are eager to use the Internet – some aren't exactly sure how beneficial it really is.

Graeme McCreath, a Victoria physiotherapist who became blind at the age of 10, is quite happy to get away from sitting at a computer for long hours and get exercise with his seeing-eye dog. "I just don't have time for the Internet, it seems like a big time waster to me. I would rather be out doing something. I used to jog all the time with my old dog. But my new dog is more frisky and needs a little more training in jogging with me, but she'll get it," he says.

The physiotherapist used to be a weightlifter and won many national competitions. He has a wife and three children and leads a very active life. Though McCreath performs his job in darkness, he is very capable and skilled. A UVic graduate operates his office computer and helps around the office.

"My kids use the computer and the Internet all the time at home. I can't get on it because they're always using it. I should learn a little more about searching the Web but I just don't have the time. I'm too busy. I have got along without it so far," McCreath says.

"The deaf have an edge over the blind when it comes to looking at computer monitors and watching television," says McCreath noting that closed-captioned television is superior to the descriptive audio tracks that provide summaries of television programs and movies so that blind people can follow the action. "If a blind person wants to listen to a movie it can be quite frustrating, because you can't always follow the action. It's like watching a James Bond movie only to find out 10 minutes later that some guy has been killed."

Even though new technology has opened up the Internet to some blind people, its users believe there is still room for improving accessibility.

Jeff Fong feels that every button on a Web page should have descriptive text about the page itself and tags that describe graphics. "Web designers should create Web sites so that text-to-speech software can read graphics, or at least provide a description of them," he says.

It's also frustrating for blind users to have to tab through extraneous Web material. "Often the links on a Web page are scattered all over the place, so that I can't be sure where I am on a site. My text-to-speech software may miss some of these links. It will read advertisements, and I have to wade through them to find the right place to enter my search query on a search engine," says Fong.

Because information on the Web is not organized in an orderly fashion like in a library, finding specific information can be the most time consuming part of using the Internet even for sighted people.

For blind users, frames and vertical columns on Web pages sometimes present problems because a screen reader picks up information horizontally. "You really have to know how to navigate the screen with just using your keyboard," says Jenny Ferris.

There is still no screen reader that makes the Web as easily accessible for the blind as it is for the sighted. However, as Ferris says, "The technology is getting better and better."

Dan Seibel is a UVic student currently doing a co-op work term at the Ministry of Health.

UVic psychology student Heidi Propp reads a braille textbook ordinator Pierre Laliberté and fourth-year psychology student

Martlet photo by Kristin Froneman

Some cds to stuff in your Christmas stocking

Gooseflesh
Chemical Garden
Digital Dimension Records

BY BYRON PLANT

When I put this cd into my discman, I had to do a double take; I thought I put in a Pantera cd (Hey, didn't I pawn them all years ago?). Anyways, these guys are the biggest rip off since STP, and then some. The riffs are the same, the guitar tone is the same, the singer thinks he's Anslemo, and their songs are about half as interesting, and since we aren't in Grade 10 anymore, that isn't much. According to their website, Gooseflesh is from Sweden and has been around since 1996. It also states, "Musically Gooseflesh have worked very hard to find their own style, sound and identity." Yeah right. These guys show, as if we really need confirmation, that corporate ripoffs are alive and well. If you want to get signed, rip off someone who sells.

My mom always told me that if I didn't have anything nice to say, that I shouldn't say anything. Maybe I should... ah, screw that! What makes matters worse (as if their name wasn't bad enough) is their song titles. With songs like "Burning Soul," "Cut That Never Heals" and "Art of Treachery" what could you honestly expect? If you are into this sort of music, I suggest you spend your money on Crisis or even Prong. Beavis and Butthead might think these guys "kick ass," but I'm afraid the only thing these guys kick is the rim of the trashcan on their way in. Gooseflesh gets an automatic F in my books for plagiarism and a 10 year late penalty. Sorry mom.

Beck
Midnite Vultures
Geffen Records

BY JONATHAN ROTHMAN

Midnite Vultures sends us back to the 1980s, Beck-style. Complete with his trademark brassy funk lines, laser-sizzled keyboard-synthesizer effects, and down-home banjo-pickin', the latest release from Beck doesn't tread new ground but funks along in its own fashion. Sounds from Atari video games, antique musical Martian keypads and grandma's preserves bring hot-pink neon album art and Max Headroom manners to the new millennium.

Reminiscent of Odelay's bopping technotronic cowboy groove, *Midnite Vultures* showcases Beck's latest solution of ray gun sounds mixed with drawling blues guitars and a high-pitched, hi-top Converse, puce-green-dollar-store-sunglasses-in-Hollywood sensibility. *Midnite Vultures* features production from Beck and the loyal Dust Brothers squad, and cameos by Beth Orton on the astrogroove cut "Beautiful Way" and Johnny Marr (ex-Smiths) on the sublime "Milk and Honey." Other standout tracks include the lead single "Sexx Laws," the business-mixed-with-leather digital funk of "Mixed Bizzness," the aural gizmo-poetry of "Pressure Zone" and the soulful jive noise of the album-closing "Debra" (save for the ever-present hidden track).

Midnite Vultures is not a novel endeavour for the artist that we all know Beck to be, but (diehard) fans will enjoy the album. If you buy *Midnite Vultures* because you enjoyed Odelay's gadgetry-laden, mental-hospital barnyard science project, you may feel either rewarded or betrayed. But don't blame me, and certainly not Beck. The music hasn't changed much, and I'm glad to hear it.

The Roots
The Roots Come Alive
Universal

BY DAVE ISRAELIEVITCH

Okay, okay, I know what you're thinking: another fantastic output by the Roots crew, right? Wrong! I was crazy disappointed with this, but first let me express that I feel the Roots' skill level has dropped slightly with each album they've released. Not to front, though, because I even loved their last joint. The fact is, each of these live tracks has been stripped down to exclude all the little extra frills (instruments, voices, effects, etc.) that we've grown so accustomed to.

Save for a few tracks that just can't go wrong, like "Mellow My Man" and "Don't See Us," the only predominant feeling one is left with after hearing this is "Maybe I should just go see them live and stop fooling myself." And although they may have the best live sound quality in the business, no soundman in the history of hiphop has ever mixed a show entirely correctly, so this may sound subpar to those of you who purchase live albums on the regular.

As for the two new studio tracks, they were all right, just not melodic enough. "The Lesson-Part III" was okay, but really didn't live up to it's predecessors. I'm not by any means saying these guys are done yet, but I know what they're capable of, and while this album presented an excellent concept, its execution was mediocre at best.

Psy-zmographic rating: 67

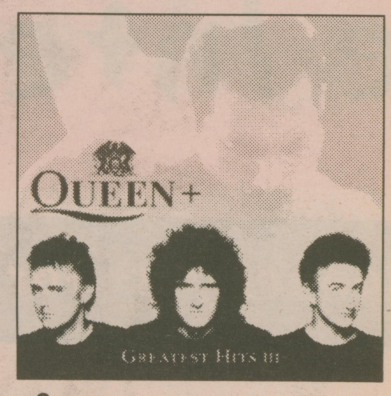
Pharoahe Monch
Internal Affairs
Universal

BY DAVE ISRAELIEVITCH

Ahh, finally. Any true Organized Konfusion fan has been anticipating this product for years. He is one of the very best lyricists and flat-out M.C.s ever, period. If you consider yourself a wordsmith, than it is your responsibility to obtain all of this man's material. Pharoahe, after a peaceful departure from longtime partner, Prince Paul (yes, he's on the album, and it's a great song too), has put out a solo project on Rawkus records.

Now, I won't hesitate to say that as far as production goes, this is Monch's worst release yet. Also, most of the guests on this album (see M.O.P., Method Man, Shabaam Sahdeeq) sound like garbage, but at least they help emphasize how much better than everyone else Pharoahe is. "The Light" is easily my favourite song in hiphop right now (beat courtesy of DiamonD), and the smoothness with which Pharoahe manipulates the English language, time signatures, and the listeners' brains in general is somewhat breathtaking. This won't do him any justice, but I figure a little sample of Pharoahe's capabilities is necessary. This is taken from "The Next Shit," on which he cleverly outshines Busta Rhymes: "The last batter to hit, glass shatter your shit's / smashed, any spitter or fastball that'll be it. / Then nig-ga the ri-dicu-lous flow will hit vigorously / triggerin' a rigorous amount of energy..." Once heard, the skill level will be understood. This should hit both the hard rocks, lounge daddies, and anyone into slam poetry.

Psy-zmographic rating: 79



Queen
Queen+ Greatest Hits III
Hollywood Records

BY CLARISSA AYKROYD

First off, let the buyer beware: this new compilation's title shouldn't really contain the words "Greatest Hits." It's actually made up of little-known fan favourites, solo songs by individual members of Queen, tributes to the late Freddie Mercury, remixes, and other goodies for serious fans of Britain's all-time second favourite band. I think that *Queen+* is supposed to indicate that a lot of the songs are not performed by the actual Queen lineup – Freddie, Brian May, Roger Taylor and John Deacon – but I'm not sure.

The best moments include a remarkably good live version of "The Show Must Go On," one of Queen's last great songs, recorded in 1997 with Elton John on vocals (I said "remarkably good," didn't I?), "Barcelona," an operatic duet with Freddie Mercury and the Spanish opera singer Montserrat Caballé, and two of the songs off *Made In Heaven*, the last Queen album released after the lead singer's death – "You Don't Fool Me" and "Too Much Love Will Kill You."

Among the less wonderful cuts are the remixes of "Under Pressure" and "Another One Bites the Dust" – especially the latter, featuring rap vocals by Wyclef Jean, Pras and Free. "Princes of the Universe" could also have been left back on 1986's *A Kind of Magic* album. The inclusion of "These Are the Days of Our Lives" seems unnecessary, since it's already shown up on a couple of greatest hits records, but it's such a moving song that I can't complain.

With an excellent booklet containing rare photos and short commentaries on all the songs, this compilation should please dedicated Queen fans. If you're a casual fan or a beginner, you're better off with individual classics like *A Night at the Opera* or *Innuendo*, or one of the earlier greatest hits compilations.

BEASTIE BOYS
ANTHOLOGY
THE SOUNDS OF SCIENCE
42 TRACKS FEATURING THE NEW SINGLE
"ALIVE"

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Gabe contemplating life as a theatre performer.

Martlet photo by Crista Stewart

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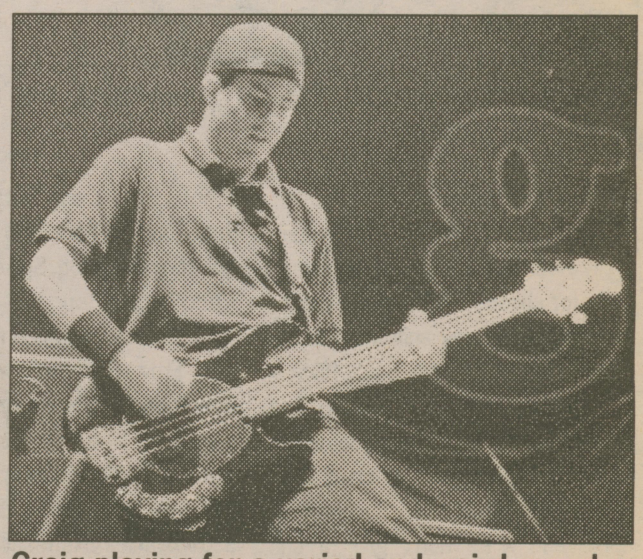

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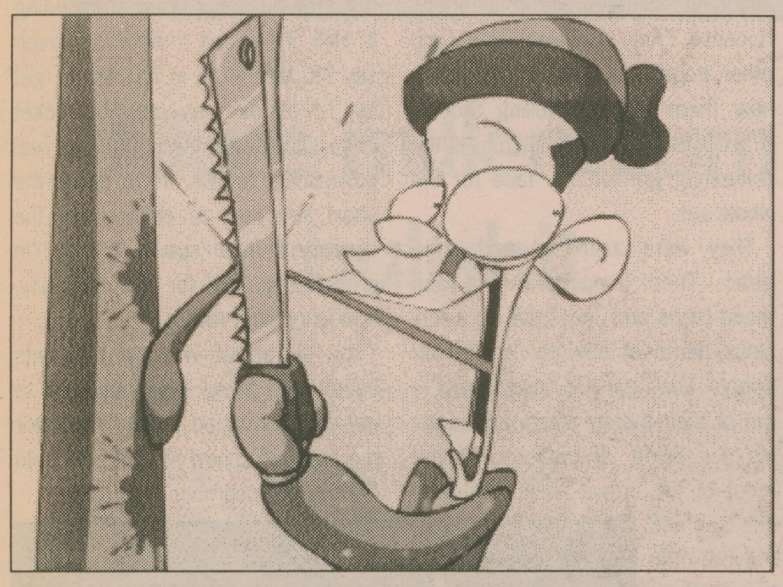
Revulsion is the whole point



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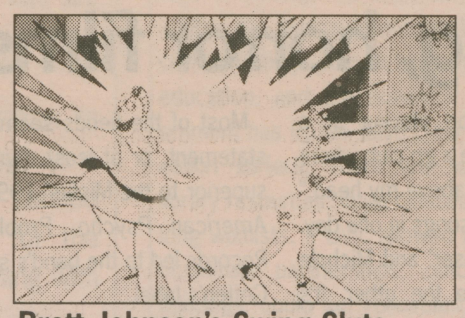

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Set in the mid-19th century, *Burn!* is meant to be seen as both a historical indictment of slavery, and as a contemporary comment on the political and economic relationship between the first and third worlds. In the film, Marlon Brando plays Sir William Walker, a British agent provocateur sent to the Portuguese colony of Queimada in the West Indies. Walker's Machiavellian mission is to aid a revolution on the island against the Portuguese colonial regime so that Britain can assume economic control of the island's sugar plantations.

Walker chooses a Black porter named José Dolores (played by Evaristo Marquez) to be his instrument of rebellion, by schooling him in the art of revolution. However, once the Portuguese regime falls, Walker ensures that the white landowners form the new republican government of Queimada. This leaves José and the island's native population in much the same position they were in before the revolution. Nothing has changed for them but the form of their oppression. They have gone from being slaves of Portuguese colonialists to wage slaves of emergent British capitalists.

Ten years later Walker returns to the island under the employment of the Royal Sugar company – who now de-facto own the island – to put down a rebellion led by his "student" José. José's first rebellion worked in the interests of British capital, however, his second revolution cannot be tolerated, and Walker, the very man who helped foment the first, crushes the second. Walker wages a brutal anti-guerrilla campaign against Dolores and his men, which includes burning down most of the villages on the island. (The parallels to Vietnam would not have been lost on a 1969 audience.) José is eventually captured, and Walker, who seems to be developing a conscience, offers him a chance to escape. José refuses and is martyred for his people.

Scripted by Franco Solinas, a veteran of the anti-fascist resistance against Mussolini in Italy, *Burn!* is a complex and powerful film, and one which does not sacrifice its character development to its politics, or vice versa.

Inspired by Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, Solinas uses the characters of José and Walker to personify the concepts of colonialism and rebellion and first world and third world. Rather than appearing contrived or schematic, this narrative strategy works to personalize the film's politics and puts the viewer at the heart of its dialectic. Brando's Walker (exceptionally played) is a multi-layered character; he is a man seemingly without ethics or convictions, a tool for revolution or counter-revolution depending on his orders. José is never merely a prop for the film's argument, but a fully rounded character who develops from a political friendly porter into an angry champion of the oppressed. Ultimately, the film is a passionate call to revolt, and potent metaphor for contemporary first-world third-world relations, both political and economic. As critic Pauline Kael wrote, Walker is "a super-cool C.I.A. type mastermind." It is obvious that Solinas and Pontecorvo want the audience to realize that the political and economic exploitation of the developing world is ongoing. *Burn!* has much to offer, excellent performances by Brando, and Marquez, an exuberant musical score by Ennio Morricone, and a plot that successfully marries classic adventure with Left ideology.

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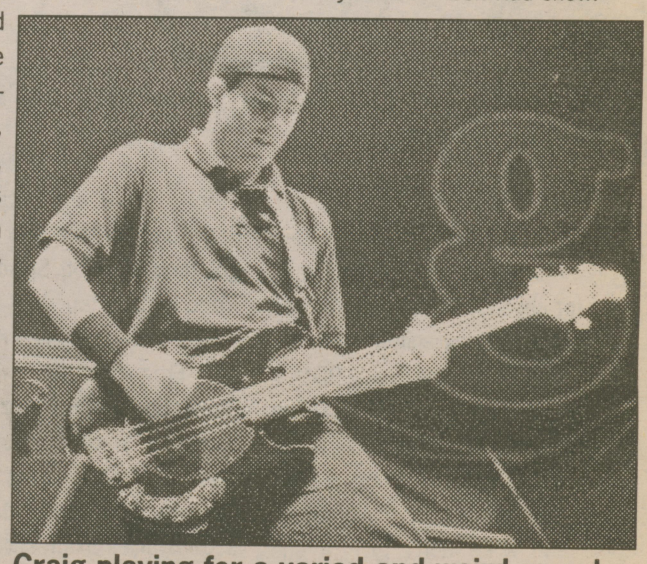

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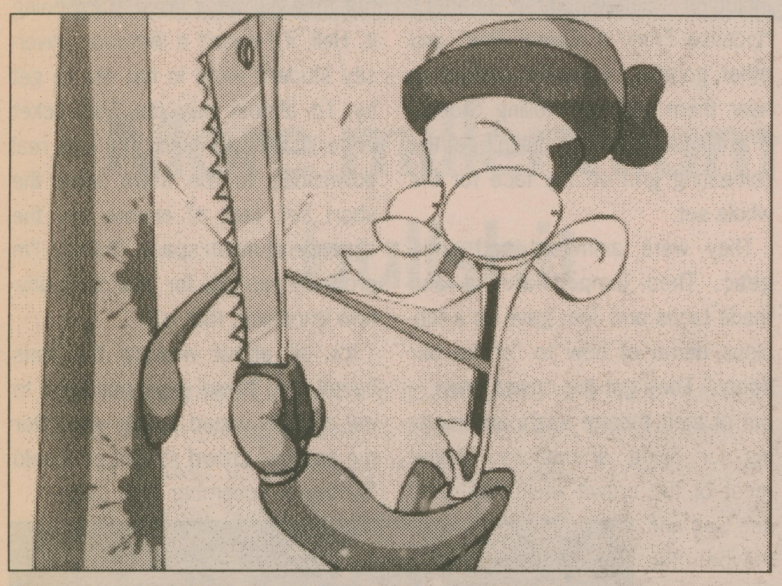

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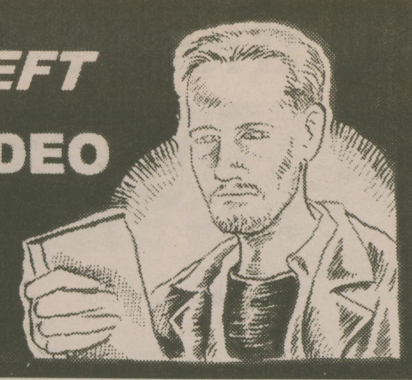
WHAT'S *LEFT* AT THE VIDEO STORE

by Nick O' Teen



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Ten years later Walker returns to the island under the employment of the Royal Sugar company – who now de-facto own the island – to put down a rebellion led by his "student" José. José's first rebellion worked in the interests of British capital, however, his second revolution cannot be tolerated, and Walker, the very man who helped foment the first, crushes the second. Walker wages a brutal anti-guerrilla campaign against Dolores and his men, which includes burning down most of the villages on the island. (The parallels to Vietnam would not have been lost on a 1969 audience.) José is eventually captured, and Walker, who seems to be developing a conscience, offers him a chance to escape. José refuses and is martyred for his people.

Scripted by Franco Solinas, a veteran of the anti-fascist resistance against Mussolini in Italy, *Burn!* is a complex and powerful film, and one which does not sacrifice its character development to its politics, or vice versa.

Inspired by Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, Solinas uses the characters of José and Walker to personify the concepts of colonialism and rebellion and first world and third world. Rather than appearing contrived or schematic, this narrative strategy works to personalize the film's politics and puts the viewer at the heart of its dialectic. Brando's Walker (exceptionally played) is a multi-layered character; he is a man seemingly without ethics or convictions, a tool for revolution or counter-revolution depending on his orders. José is never merely a prop for the film's argument, but a fully rounded character who develops from a political friendly porter into an angry champion of the oppressed. Ultimately, the film is a passionate call to revolt, and potent metaphor for contemporary first-world third-world relations, both political and economic. As critic Pauline Kael wrote, Walker is "a super-cool C.I.A. type mastermind." It is obvious that Solinas and Pontecorvo want the audience to realize that the political and economic exploitation of the developing world is ongoing. *Burn!* has much to offer, excellent performances by Brando, and Marquez, an exuberant musical score by Ennio Morricone, and a plot that successfully marries classic adventure with Left ideology.

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Running 'round the globe with Vikes' standout Stephanie Mills

BY CRAIG BATTLE

"It was sort of an out of body experience. It all seemed surreal."

This is how UVic middle distance runner Stephanie Mills described the frenzy surrounding Japan's Chiba Ekiden. She attended the relay-style marathon with six other Canadian women's middle distance runners last Monday.

"It was amazing. To hear the whole way, 'Canada! Canada!,' and know they're talking directly to you."

The 42-kilometre course started and finished in a stadium, but most of the race was ran on the roads of Chiba. Fans were packed five-deep along the sides of the road for the entire course.

"Running is like the NHL over there," said Mills. "They don't just stop traffic in Chiba for nothing."

Up to 30 million people watched the Ekiden, live and on tv, but Mills would rather they focussed on someone else. She'd be happier just to be part of the national team, or her Vikes team, than recognized individually for anything.

"These are such real experiences that are happening. It's more than the running. These are memories, and I know I'm going to cherish these more than my tenth class of the semester. I hate to say it, but it's true."

Along with travel schedules, the Vikes work out together four times a week and run up to six times. Who has downtime for homework?

"I know I'm giving up the A's, the A plusses, or whatever, but that's okay."

And so far, these sacrifices have paid off. Last season, Mills finished sixth at the CIAU national cross country championships, and was named a CIAU first-team all star.

This season, she has accumulated an impressive series of results. At the Ekiden, she finished seventh on her 4.7 km leg — the second best result on her seven-woman team.

Stephanie Mills and a victorious women's middle distance squad. (From left to right: Barbora Brych, Larissa Managh, Jenny Foreman, Mills, Andrea Dyck, Brandi Heisterman, Wendy Cocksedge).

Photo submitted

These are such real experiences that are happening. It's more than the running. These are memories, and I know I'm going to cherish these more than my tenth class of the semester. I hate to say it, but it's true.

She didn't seriously get into running until her second year at UVic, but she has been a part of larger groups since high school — she was a soprano in the Vancouver Bach Youth Choirs. She traveled to New York and England with the choir, and sang in both Carnegie Hall and Westminster Abbey.

"It's the same type of high as running," said Mills. "Singing a solo takes the same sort of training, and performing — a lot of practising."

After graduating Burnaby Central Secondary School in 1995, she moved to Victoria and the Helmken Building (aka Hell) in UVic Residence. She lists her greatest accomplishment as getting through first-year Res with her liver intact.

"I'm surprised now when people run and go through Res," Mills said. She's just proud she kept from becoming an alcoholic.

Since September, she's been to California, Seattle, Montreal and twice to Ontario with the team, and to Japan for the Ekiden. Last spring she attended another Ekiden in Seoul, Korea with teammate Barbora Brych.

Mills says that she often misses midterms and paper due dates because of travel and meet schedules.

"When we go away for a weekend, and when I left for Japan, my mind was so far away from school," she said. "I know that doing it, I'm giving up my full attention to school but I'm willing to take that sacrifice.

At this season's CIAUs on Nov. 13, in which her team won gold for the second straight season, she took the bronze medal. Three years ago, Mills finished 45th in the same race.

"When she first came in she really wanted to get somewhere," said Vikes teammate Brych. "She's got a good race head – she never gave up, never had a bad attitude."

And on top of first year troubles, she was nursing a nagging hip injury — a stress fracture in an area called the lesser trocanter.

"I went into health services and they said I should be on crutches," said Mills. "And I said, 'Okay. Am I just supposed to put those on my bike?' It just wasn't in my lifestyle."

But she made the team as her goal from the summer, and rested it for a month in the off season.

"And so I ran."

Through her running, she has brought her family into the sport in various ways. Her father Terry ran the Victoria Marathon earlier this year, and her mother Dorothy is trying to break 60 minutes for 10 km. Her mother also wrote her master's thesis on "running and writing."

"I guess I've been a little bit of inspiration for them," Mills said.

Her family, including her brother Warren who also attends UVic, come to her local meets.

"My brother really liked the idea of watching girls in bum shorts."

Mills lists her roommate Malaika Ulmi as a large source of inspiration. This past summer, Ulmi raced the Sea to Summit at Whistler Mountain. The race involves kayaking, mountain biking, orienteering, and running both up and down Whistler.

"She just loves pushing herself to the limit. If she sees a race like that, she goes for it," said Mills. "She's very spontaneous. She doesn't always train, just goes after the most challenging races she can find."

Ulmi added that Mills receives inspiration from other sources.

"She's always been really inspired by athletes she's met through travelling and training – especially in cross country," Ulmi said.

Several of these athletes run with Mills on the Vikes. She is quick to point out that Brandi Heisterman, her second roommate, has had great early results in her first year with the squad. Heisterman finished an impressive eighth at the Stanford invitational in only her second race as a Vike.

Mills also praises her teammate Brych, who was also a first-team CIAU all star last season for her third-place finish at the nationals.

"She was the top on the team last year, but she had an injury and that's not her fault. I don't want to take anything away from anybody."

Up next for Mills and the middle distance team is the indoor running season and lead-ups to national trials. Mills says that she'll log 80 kilometres each week next semester. And for this, she'll need energy.

Her weapon of choice? The "Venti"-sized coffee at Starbucks.

"It's like the Super Big Gulp of coffees. But who are they trying to kid with the 'Venti?' It's probably Italian for 'litre,'" she said. "It gets you going."

But, really, does she need it?

Varsity Standings

Basketball

Men's Canada West

	G	W	L	F	A	P
Lethbridge	10	9	1	833	710	18
UBC	8	6	2	577	540	12
Victoria	**10**	**6**	**4**	**696**	**651**	**12**
Alberta	8	5	3	741	625	10
Sask.	10	4	6	786	816	8
Trinity West.	8	2	6	590	667	4
Calgary	8	1	7	470	555	2

Men's Top 10

1. Western (1)
2. Lethbridge (2)
3. Alberta (3)
4. StFX (4)
5. SMU (5)
6. UBC (8)
7. McMaster (7)
8. Laurentian (6)
9. Ryerson (9)
10. Brandon (NR)

Women's Canada West

	G	W	L	F	A	P
Victoria	10	9	1	717	577	18
Alberta	8	8	0	630	427	16
UBC	8	5	3	571	416	10
Calgary	8	5	3	576	559	10
Sask.	10	3	7	614	711	6
Trinity West.	8	2	6	466	618	4
Lethbridge	10	1	9	523	789	2

Women's Top 10

1. Victoria (1)
2. Alberta (2)
3. Regina(3)
4. Winnipeg (4)
5. Manitoba (5)
6. UBC (6)
7. Laurentian (8)
8. Calgary (7)
9. Queen's (9)
10. Toronto (10)

Cross Country

Men's Top 10

1. Guelph (1)
2. Toronto (8)
3. Sherbrooke (2)
4. Windsor (3)
5. Calgary (4)
6. Victoria (5)
7. Memorial (7)
8. Saskatchewan (NR)
9. Alberta (NR)
10. McMaster (NR)

Women's Top 10

1. Victoria (1)
2. Western(3)
3. Guelph (2)
4. Queen's (4)
5. Manitoba (NR)
6. McGill (7)
7. Windsor (6)
8. Dalhousie (5)
9. Saskatchewan (10)
10. Alberta (8)

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the Money ball

The Money Ball is a new, opinionated column of dialogue from the sporting world's loudest and most illustrious duo – Booch and Mr. Morgan.
recorded by the Martlet's Craig Battle

Mr. Morgan: The Martlet didn't cover it, but UVic's women's field hockey team was recently vanquished by UBC for the second straight season.
Booch: Don't remind me. I'm finally back on the wagon.
Morg: I hate to say it, but it looks like UBC is edging UVic in the bragging rights fight.
Booch: The hell you say! That bunch'a bunts couldn't—
Morg: What? Bunts?
Booch: You speak English? I said, "Bunts." UBC is a bunch of bunts.
Morg: What's a bunt?
Booch: Get with the now and call me in the morning.
Morg: Check.
Booch: UVic is clearly ahead. The Vikes just won another women's cross country banner.
Morg: What?
Booch: Cross Country.
Morg: Never heard of it.
Booch: And what about the Boot? Vikes Rugby is on its way to another Wightman Boot in the epitome of UBC-UVic rivalry.
Morg: "Bunts lose the boot." Dope.
Booch: Now you're gettin' it.
Morg: Word. But that doesn't change the fact that women's field hockey, arguably UVic's top program, has gone down to the Thunderbirds two years straight.
Booch: Sabotage.
Morg: Like the Beastie Boys?
Booch: No.
Morg: "Listen all y'all..."
Booch: Shut it. I mean UBC sabotaged UVic. Both team captains Jacquie Hornby and Kristen Taunton went down in the final two tournaments of the season. Coincidence? I think not.
Morg: "I can't stand it..."
Booch: Deny it all you want, sheep. The birds are cheap.
Morg: "I know you planned it..."
Booch: Like the mighty Cubs of Chicago, da' Vikes can win any day, any time. Should UBC and UVic play tomorrow, I predict a score of... UVic: 1000, UBC: 1. Give or take 1. Da'Vikes.
Morg: This sounds very familiar.
Booch: It's not. That'd be unfair even. Thunder, the Vikes' mascot, should take on the entire Thunderbirds' squad by himself — that would be a better game. I predict a score of... UBC: 5, Thunder: 52. And if he were mini...
Morg: I think I've heard this all before.
Booch: You haven't. Shut up.
Morg: Right. I take no responsibilty for copyright infringements.
Booch: Fine. Damn the man.
Morg: Whatever. I say the Thunderbirds have the edge due to their CIAU championship in women's field hockey, and the fact that UBC fields both Level 1 football and volleyball teams when UVic doesn't.
Booch: I say you're on drugs.

Intramural league winners

Ball Hockey
Tuesday
TBA-Kris
Wednesday
Singles I
Thursday
Keep It Up

Basketball
Tuesday
Below the Rim(Inter)
Spank Me Peter(Comp)

Field Hockey
Whirling Dervishes

Flag Football
Flutie Flakes

Ice Hockey
Friday
Take Me Drunk I'm Home
Sunday
Begbie Got Lucky

Inline Hockey
Begbie Blades

Soccer
Tuesday-Outdoor
Alcophiles

Sunday Intramural ice hockey champions Begbie Got Lucky chasing the puck at Gordon Head Arena.
Martlet photo by Jeremy Miller

Wednesday-Indoor
Singles II

Softball
Smugglers

Ultimate Frisbee
Tuesday
Damone is Better (Rec)
The Old School (Inter)

Volleyball
Monday
Scottish Balls of ...(Rec)
Six Pack (Inter)
Wednesday
The Catalysts(Rec)
Untouchables II(Inter)
Thursday
Untouchables(Comp)

** Some leagues have not finished the season due to fields being closed.*

Questionable golf at Cordova Bay

BY JENNY KIRKPATRICK

The UVic Golf Club held its final event of the season on Saturday, Nov. 27. The Cordova Bay Golf Course hosted 24 UVic students, and as the clouds parted, faces brightened with optimism for the day to come. The six foursomes were playing for a number of prizes, but the emphasis was placed primarily on fellowship. The format – known as the Texas Scramble – ensured every member of the group could contribute to the team's success.

On an otherwise sunny afternoon, murmurs of a rare eagle on the par-five second hole created a stir in the clubhouse. All attention was drawn to the questionable foursome of Raegan Petch, Brad Bumstead, Stephanie Swift and Jon Roy.

"It was classic really," said Petch, the team's captain. "We took my (awesome) drive. It was a range from which I had sank many before, and I have to admit I just had a feeling about this one."

Jeff White, who was playing in the group ahead, described the shot.

"We were on the tee, and we couldn't believe he had that wood in his hand. We all hid behind the widest tree and made sure to huddle in the tuck position."

White said the shot "rolled/duck-hooked for about 150 yards before it crept onto the green, nowhere near the hole."

But when he looked back, they were all dancing and jumping up and down. They were faking the miraculous eagle.

Jon Roy, who organized the groups, also described the eagle.

"I was looking in the clouds when he hit it, but as it whizzed by my head I knew it had a chance to go in. When I saw the ball disappear, we all knew that this was going to be our day."

White took over the narrative, "So this Petch clown starts running up the fairway like a madman, and when he reaches the green, he slows down a little, as if surprised at something...I saw him look back at his cheering foursome, pick up his ball while removing the flag with his other hand, and then run back to his bag, where he pulled out his scorecard and a permanent marker."

Their official scorecard in the clubhouse had the true score five scribbled over a messy three, but their round of four-under was still good enough to capture the first prize.

The round was followed by a mellow prize ceremony and barbecue. At the barbecue, Petch tied to defend his antics on the second hole.

Late in the evening, he was still saying, "I'm telling you, man, that shot went in."

In any case, it was an enjoyable day on the golf course. The sunshine and laughs more than made up for a few bad apples. The course was in superb condition for late November.

The Golf Club welcomes all inquiries or interested golfers who might be looking to hit a few balls in the coming semester. Feel free to write them a line at golf@uvic.ca

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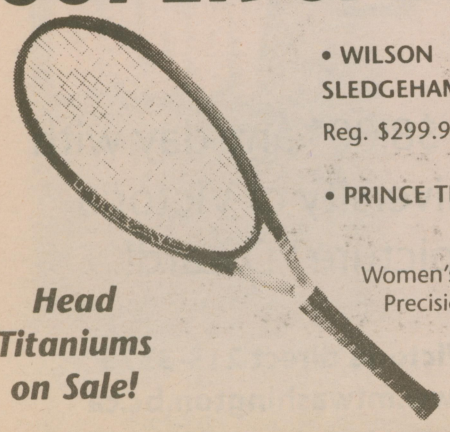
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on-campus

Sock Drive. Help the Homeless! Fill a sock with personal care items and drop it off into one of the boxes located in MacLaurin, Clearihue, Classroom, Cunningham, and McKinnon. Socks will be delivered to Streetlink and the Sandy Merriman Woman's Shelter.

MSA Drop-in Coffee Times. Mature students meet every **Wednesday and Thursday, 1:00-3:00 p.m.** SUB Upper Lounge, B110b. You are invited to join us. For info: uvic_msa@hotmail.com or call 472-1842.

CHAI Victoria – the Jewish Students' Association – invites you to join us for social activities, and a place to explore cultural, political and spiritual issues from a Jewish perspective. Visit our website at http://web.uvic.ca/~jewish, send us an e-mail at jewish@uvic.ca or call 370-9488, ext. 2 for more information.

The Circle K club meets every Wednesday, 4:30 - 5:30 p.m. in CLE C112. Come out and join us. Low commitment & volunteer projects. For more info contact rvcolson@uvic.ca

off-campus

B.C. Eating Disorders Association offers a support group for women with eating disorders and associated issues. The group meets on **Wednesday evenings**. The next session begins **November 3 – December 1 from 7:00 to 8:30 p.m.** at 526 Michigan St., Second Floor. For more information call 383-2755.

A "Civic Sing-Along." The Civic Orchestra of Victoria, directed by George Corwin, presents the seasonal celebration of Handel's *Messiah* on **Sunday, December 19, at 2:00 p.m** at the Central Baptist Church: 833 Pandora St.

tutors

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for sale

Subtext's reconsignment period has begun. You can reconsign items anytime from now till February 28, 2000. But don't miss the deadline, or your items become Subtext property! Come on in today and beat the rush!

announcements

So you want to teach English overseas? Your complete guide. Instruction & contact info. at campus bookstore or $25 to Dr. Maggie Warbey: Box 811, Ganges, B.C., V8K 2W3. maggiewarbey@saltspring.com

Women's recreational ice-hockey team seeks goalie. All abilities considered. Call: 655-4707.

Want to give back to the community this Christmas? Volunteers are needed at Recreation Integration Victoria to provide one-on-one assistance to people with disabilities while participating in a recreation or leisure pursuit. If you are able to make a commitment of 2 - 4 hours a week, or are interested in finding out more about our services, please call: 477-6314.

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N/S student and cat seek bright home to share with other queer women in Fairfield, Fernwood, Cook St. with garden space on quiet road. For January 1st. Call Kristin: 652-9861.

hey you!

You know, I saw you last week. We were sitting across from each other on the bus. You were wearing a fleece jacket and jeans. I think (I hope) we smiled at each other and connected. Next time I see you, should I ask you for coffee?

Hey you crazy party people: be careful this holiday and make it back to school alive next semester. Don't drive all fucked up. Don't kill anyone. And remember to have fun.

Goldie Bwoy! You look mighty cute in those jeans bwoy. why don't you come over here bwoy.

Happy soon to be 23rd Albertine. Ha-ha sucker.

kiya, goddess of darkness, donned her sassiest liquid gown and matching lipstick. She is going to eat sacred corn with peanut butter. she foresees crumbling concrete monster buildings. she feels the necessity to bruise your soul.

reg stockwell. oh reg. can you believe it? one. two. three. four. (five). (six). perhaps a visit to a cemetary (with many benches) and an abandoned building is in order. watashi wa anata ga aishimasu.

Hey you little fuckers you think the deal is already done, but have we got a surprise for you. Ya wanna play dirty? We can play dirty. Very, very dirty. Hee hee hee.

Gregor, you devil. where do you get those funky, damn sassy mavi's? you know you are the *only* child of the 80s for us.

Meg R. only one more month and the party will start. We won't be able to keep you out of the bar.

mike, you dirty bastard. kelly, you dirty bastard.go ahead, just try to leave us. ha ha.

All religious clubs and organizations advertising on the billboards page must adhere to the following statement: "Everyone is welcome. We oppose discrimination on the basis of race, gender and sexuality."

billboard rates

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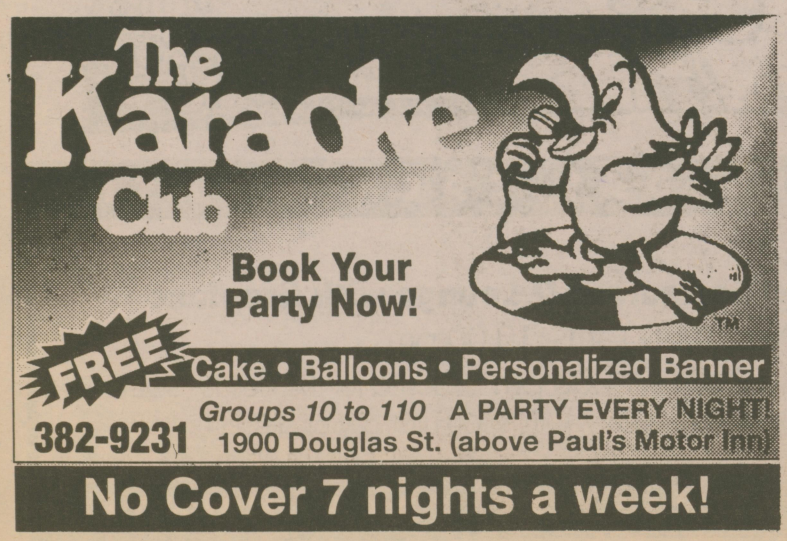
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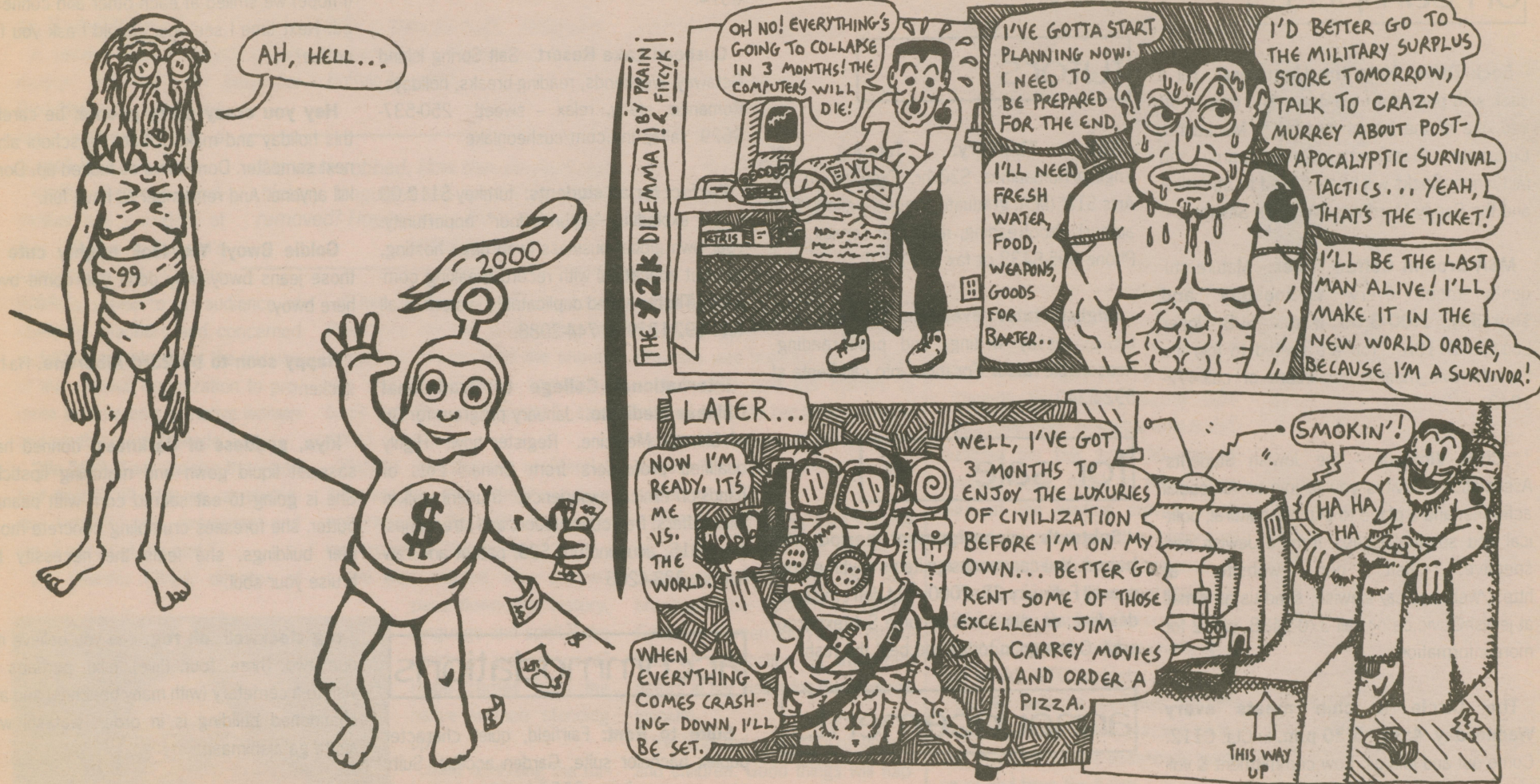
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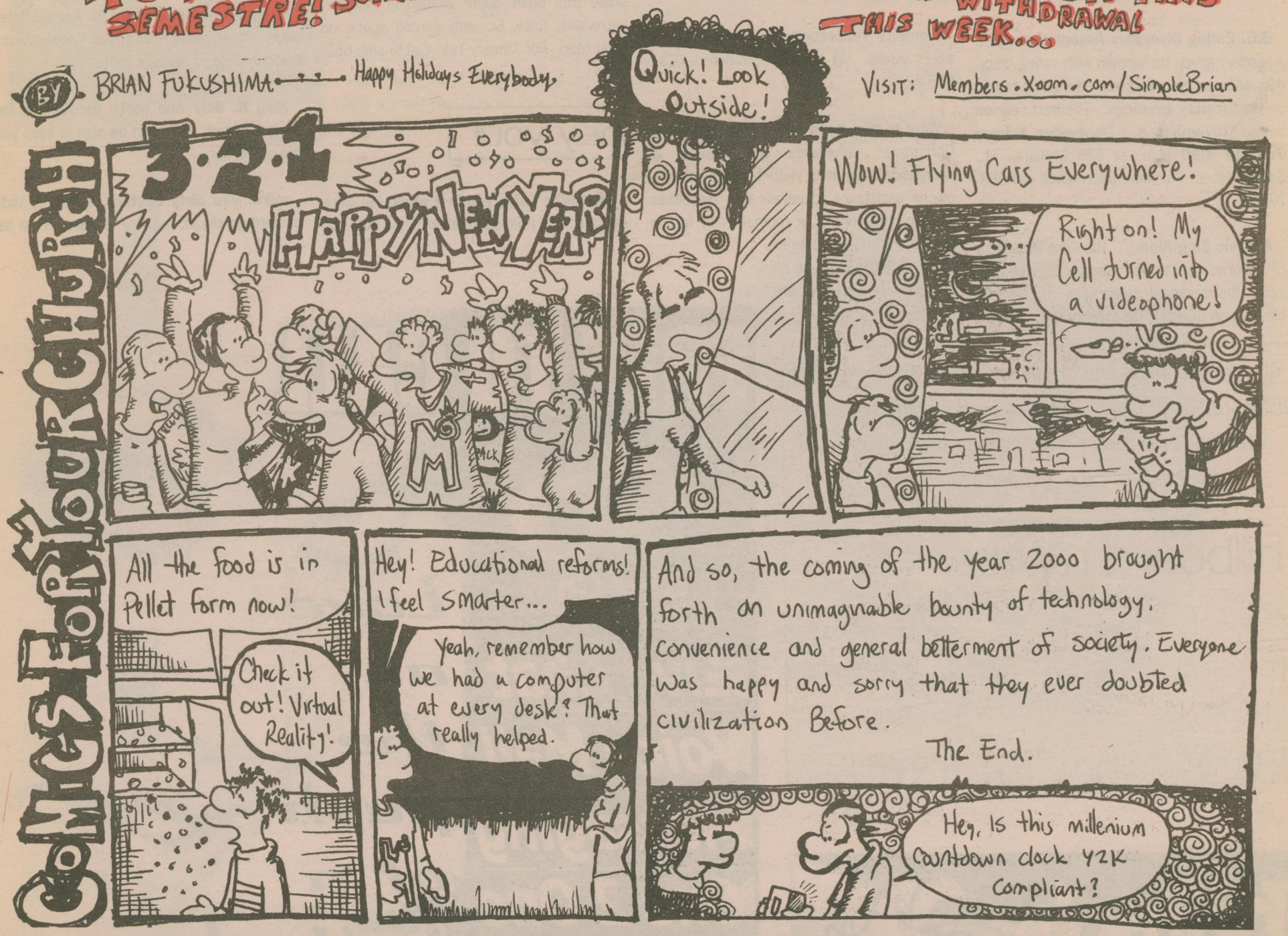
I'D BETTER GO TO THE MILITARY SURPLUS STORE TOMORROW, TALK TO CRAZY MURREY ABOUT POST-APOCALYPTIC SURVIVAL TACTICS... YEAH, THAT'S THE TICKET!
I'LL NEED FRESH WATER, FOOD, WEAPONS, GOODS FOR BARTER..
I'LL BE THE LAST MAN ALIVE! I'LL MAKE IT IN THE NEW WORLD ORDER, BECAUSE I'M A SURVIVOR!
LATER...
NOW I'M READY. IT'S ME VS. THE WORLD.
WHEN EVERYTHING COMES CRASHING DOWN, I'LL BE SET.
WELL, I'VE GOT 3 MONTHS TO ENJOY THE LUXURIES OF CIVILIZATION BEFORE I'M ON MY OWN... BETTER GO RENT SOME OF THOSE EXCELLENT JIM CARREY MOVIES AND ORDER A PIZZA.
SMOKIN'!
HA HA HA
THIS WAY UP

HAPPY HOLIDAYS COMIC LOVERS! THANKS A TON TO THE ARTISTS WHO BROUGHT US HOURS OF FUN THIS SEMESTRE! SORRY TO LEAVE YOU WITH NICK O'TEEN WITHDRAWAL THIS WEEK...

BY BRIAN FUKUSHIMA ——— Happy Holidays Everybody.

VISIT: Members.Xoom.com/SimpleBrian


COMICS FOR YOUR CHURCH
3·2·1 HAPPY NEW YEAR
Quick! Look Outside!
Wow! Flying Cars Everywhere!
Right on! My Cell turned into a videophone!
All the food is in Pellet form now!
Check it out! Virtual Reality!
Hey! Educational reforms! I feel smarter...
Yeah, remember how we had a computer at every desk? That really helped.
And so, the coming of the year 2000 brought forth an unimaginable bounty of technology. Convenience and general betterment of society. Everyone was happy and sorry that they ever doubted civilization Before.
The End.
Hey, Is this millenium countdown clock Y2K Compliant?

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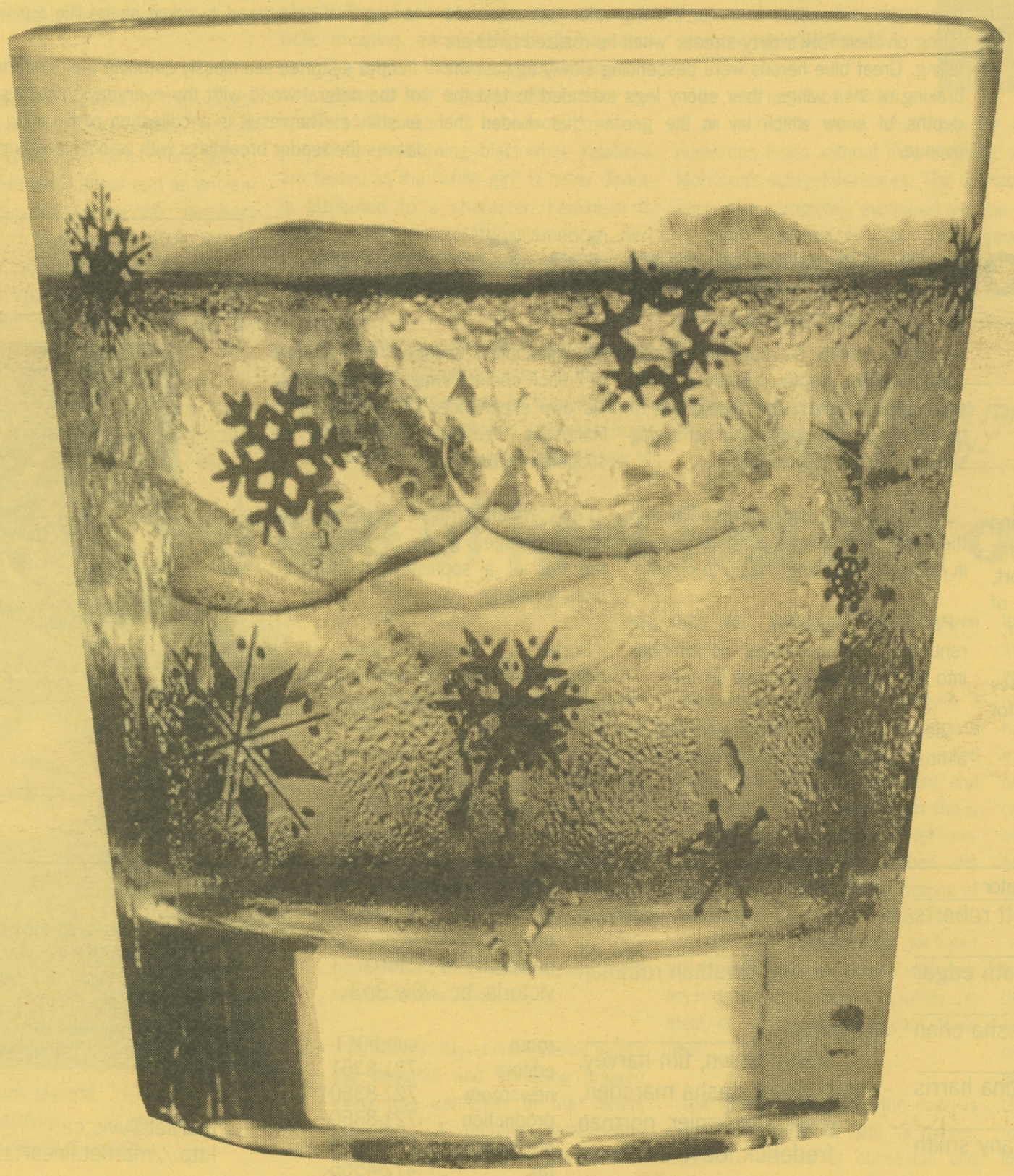
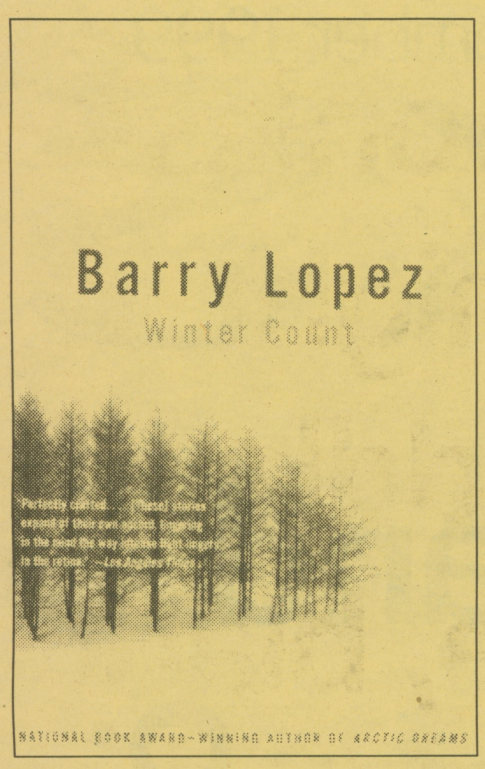
Holidays on Ice and other winter reads





Winter Count
Barry Lopez
Vintage Canada
1999

Banalities of life, wonders of nature

BY STEVE PLAUNT

An isolated stand of evergreens amidst a sea of white snow graces the cover of Barry Lopez's *Winter Count*, a book of stories the *Los Angeles Times* called "perfectly crafted...lingering in the mind the way intense light lingers in the retina." Much like the image adorning the cover, the stories within are a bright spot of colour punctuating an interminable, empty visa of contemporary life. Lopez has a gift for making the mundane mysterious, and his stories are filled with fabulous images.

In the story "Winter Herons," the narrator waits for his lover upon a marble bench in New York on an early October evening. Recalling their shared past, marked by her passion and his reticence, he remembers a similar evening when the snow was falling on New York's dirty streets "when he realized birds are falling. Great blue herons were descending slowly against the braking of their wings, their ebony legs extended to test the depths of snow which lay in the garden that divided the avenue."

"The Orrery" describes a man who is driven by his obsession to return to a mystic he once met, many years ago, in the Arizona desert north of Tucson. The mystic greets him cordially and they spend a day in comfortable silence, until the mystic shows the narrator his prize possession, an orrery, a device of brass and wood featuring miniature models of the planets which rotates to illustrate the movements of the solar system. He speaks of the strange, celestial winds that course across the desert, and takes the narrator outside, where a wide, windswept area is empty of any sign of life or vegetation, only hundreds of stones strewn across the desert floor. "He moved several stones, seemed to orient himself, and amidst spurts of dust I saw the stones lift off the ground. As they rose from the earth, they began to move in an arc across the sky, turning finally overhead in a dark shape like a pinwheel."

Lopez's stories seamlessly combine the mysterious wonders of the natural world with the everyday banalities of our own existence. The result is a collection of haunting images that leaves the reader breathless with wonder and wanting more.

Waiting for a woman in France

Second Harvest
Jean Giono
The Harvill Press
1999

BY TASHA MARSDEN

Panturle is a simple man, as sturdy and strong as an old oak tree. But when his two neighbours, Mamèche and Gaubert, leave the small Provençal village of Aubigane, he is left to fend for himself.

Before Mamèche leaves, she promises Panturle she will send a woman back for him.

Panturle spends his days of solitude wandering the woods, silently stalking small animals across the countryside to feed himself. He feeds the remaining silence with his conversations.

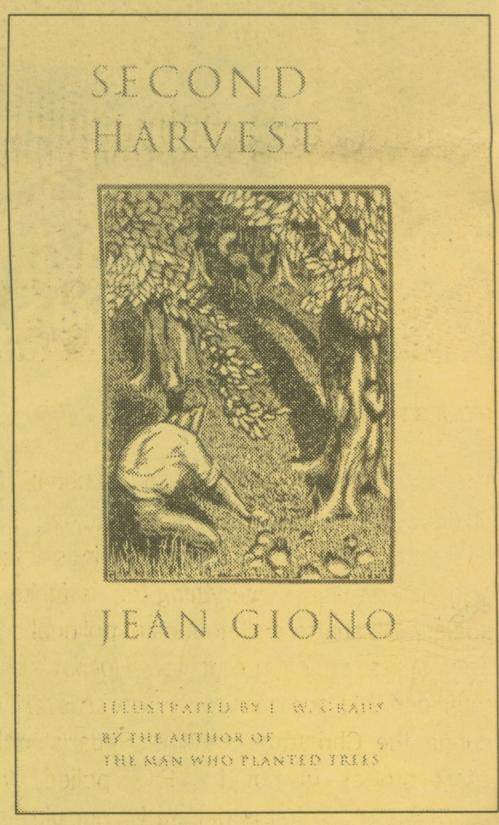
Just as Panturle starts descending into the throes of madness, a woman arrives in Aubigane and things begin to change.

Panturle's passions for life are renewed, and he funnels his energies into the fallow soils beneath his feet.

Giono writes an uncomplicated – almost predictable – story, a tale of simple philosophies wrapped up in the lore of French country living. He writes from his own experiences of growing up in Manosque, Provence, alluding to the subtleties of the region.

Louis William Graux's woodcuts illustrate the pages, giving *Second Harvest* the feel of a sophisticated children's book for adults.

During his writing career, Giono authored 30 novels as well as a slew of poems, essays and other stories.



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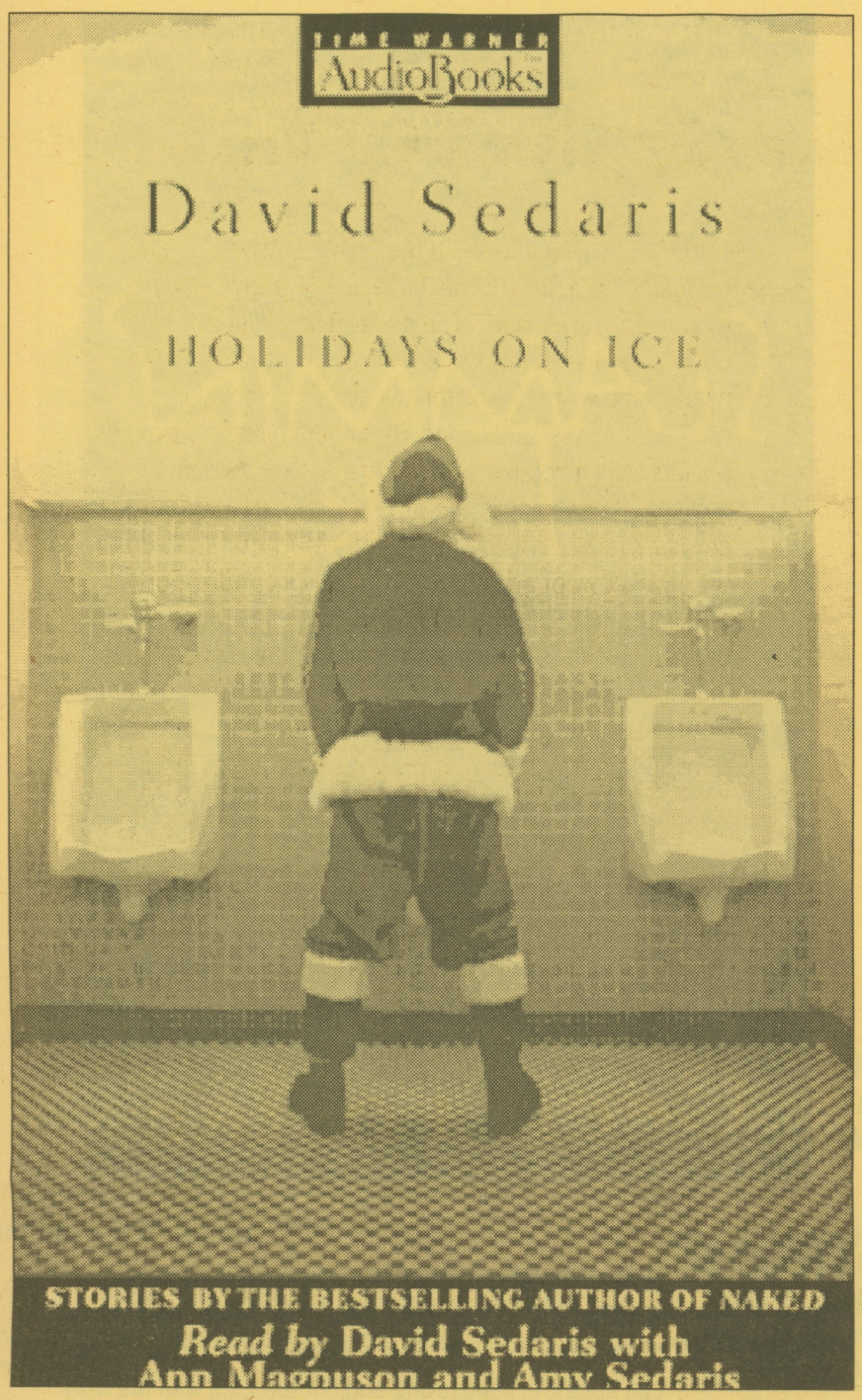


Moonless, midnight in the middle of nowhere, black comedy

Holidays on Ice
David Sedaris
Little Brown & Co.
1997

BY JESSICA WEIRMIER

So you think your family is dysfunctional? Hoping for therapy sessions in your Christmas stocking this year? A little dysfunction is healthy. It keeps things interesting. David Sedaris epitomizes everything that is fucked up about our society. He shatters all notions of political correctness and does a damn fine job of it, too. *Holidays on Ice* is a good reminder that sometimes the worst is brought out of us during the Christmas season. Sedaris' collection of six short stories is not for P.C. police (those stalwart guardians of all that is decent by our ultra-sensitive 90' s perspective). However, if you like things a little twisted every once in a while, *Holidays on Ice* will more than satisfy, especially after intensely stressful exams.

The first short story, "SantaLand", chronicles the behind-the-scenes reality of every mall's makeshift winter wonderlands. Disgruntled, frazzled and camera happy yuppy parents hassle the narrator – an elf – into getting them into the white Santa line-up. I never realized just how many kinds of elves there are until I read Sedaris' book. Entrance Elf, Water Cooler Elf, Emergency Exit Elf are just a few of the 17 different kinds of elves to be found in Sedaris' winter wonder-mall-land.

At some point we all clock-in our service industry wage-slave hours and Sedaris describes it perfectly. Nothing could be more degrading to the wage slaver than when a senior orientation elf announces, "Ladies...I have scraped enough blood out from the crotches of elf knickers to last me the rest of my life. And don't tell me 'I don't wear underpants, I'm a dancer.' You're not a dancer. If you were a real dancer you wouldn't be here. You're an elf and you're going to wear panties like an elf."

My favourite story in the collection is "Season's Greetings to Our Friends and Family!!!" It's one of those annoying form letters that someone in every family takes upon themselves to send to everyone else. You know, "this is what the Smith family has done all year. . ." or, "little Timmy isn't so little anymore. He won every spelling bee – we're sooo proud!" Sedaris' fictional Christmas greeting tells the story of crack addiction, a long lost Vietnam war offspring and the mysterious death of a small baby. The entire letter is laced with an eerie, creepy optimism on the part of the mother who wrote it. At least one friend of mine didn't appreciate this story's moonless-midnight-in-the-middle-of-nowhere-black comedy. This black is as black as black can get.

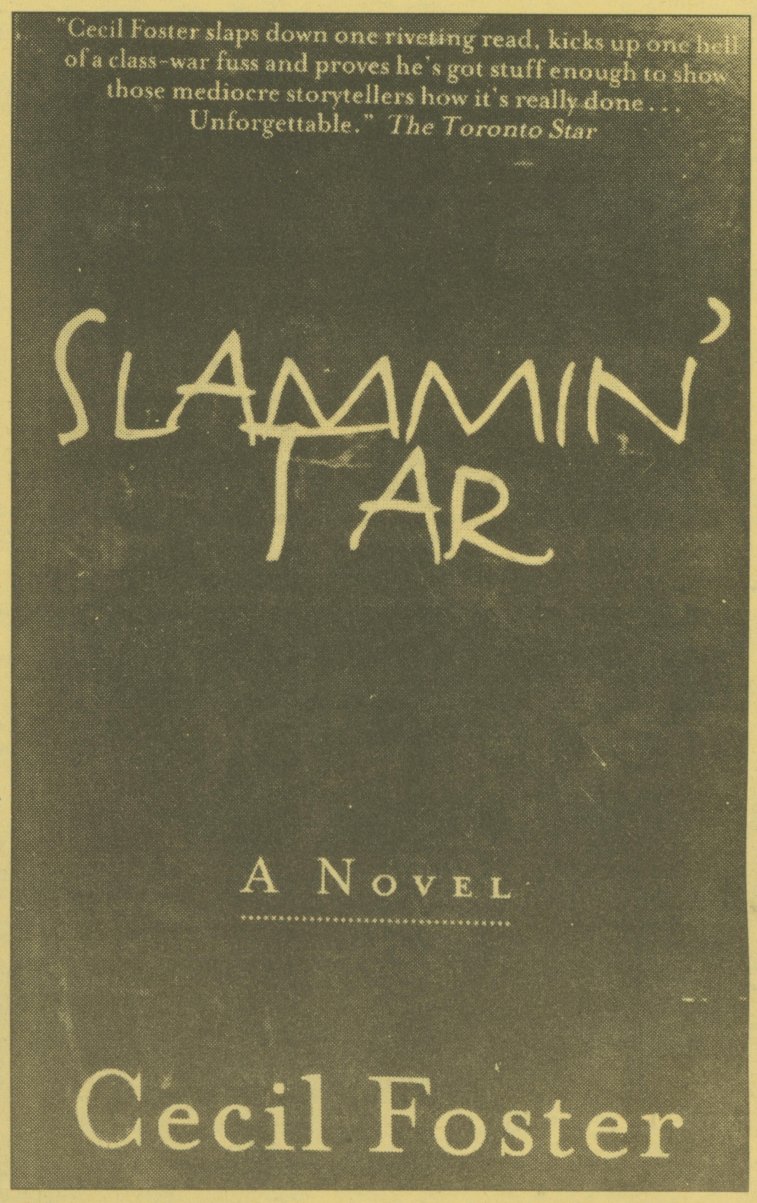
Not every story is sharp and engaging, however. "Dinah, the Christmas Whore" left me wondering what the point was. And that very likely could have been the actual point of the story. Two lower-middle class siblings rescue a well-seasoned prostitute named Dinah. They bring her home and the family amuses themselves asking questions such as, "What were prison guards really like?" and "How much do you charge if somebody just wants a spanking?"

When the unaware father is woken up from sleeping in front of the television by the rest of the family's noise, he gets upset. Mother saves the day telling him not to enter the kitchen because they were wrapping his present. They all laugh at the joke that Dinah is his "present" they were hiding from him. The reader is left wondering is this serious? Given the surrealism and blackness of the book's other stories, she just might be his present. This story's ending lies flat on its back, but unlike a prostitute in the same position, this flatness is somewhat ambiguous.

Another fantastic story in *Holidays on Ice* is "Front Row Center with Thaddeus Bristol". It's a collection of reviews written by Bristol for his column, Front Row Center. These are serious reviews given to elementary school Christmas plays. In it he describes how, "once again, the sadists at the Jane Snow-Hernandez Middle School have taken up their burning pokers in an attempt to prod 'A Christmas Carol' into some form of submission." He criticizes the 11-year-old director's casting of a black Tiny Tim as "a distracting move, wrongheaded and pointless."

This is a writer who sees the world through black tinted glasses. He transfers that vision into something well worth taking the time to appreciate. If you need a Christmas gift for that hard-to-shop-for Sick Fuck on your shopping list, Sedaris' *Holidays on Ice* will more than please.

A book about the human condition, not "isms"


"Cecil Foster slaps down one riveting read, kicks up one hell of a class-war fuss and proves he's got stuff enough to show those mediocre storytellers how it's really done... Unforgettable." The Toronto Star
SLAMMIN' TAR
A NOVEL
Cecil Foster

Slammin' Tar
Cecil Foster
Random House of Canada
1998

BY DAVE HAZZAN

A couple years ago I picked up Cecil Foster's *A Place Called Heaven: The Meaning of Being Black in Canada*. I wasn't terribly impressed by it, mostly because it focused solely on British West Indians in Toronto, barely touching on other blacks in the country.

Slammin' Tar, Foster's third novel, is far more comprehensive than *A Place Called Heaven* ever tried to be. It's a brilliant piece of work, a novel so evocative I even dreamed about the characters on a few occasions.

Slammin' Tar is the story of 21 black men from Barbados who, every year, are flown to Edgecliffe, Southwestern Ontario to pick Canada's tobacco. They spend 10 months a year on The Program, living in a ramshackle cabin, doing the work the locals won't do. Most of them dream of one day escaping The Program, and living illegally in Canada.

Throughout this brutally realistic story, Foster weaves in strains of Bajan folklore. The novel is narrated by a nameless storyteller, something like an elf who works for Mother Nyame, who in turn works for God as something of a communications expert. The storyteller's former assignment was to cover the prophet Marcus Garvey in America, but after screwing that up he's sent to this miserable farm to cover the men of Edgecliffe.

The storyteller weaves in legends and tales of the black peoples in the Americas, the Carribean and in Africa. The storyteller also recounts tales of how Prophet Garvey and "the Malcolms and the Martins" of the Western Hemisphere attempted to free the African people here.

Foster draws many analogies to the black workers in Ontario from the black slaves of 150 years ago. The situation is not much different. Everything from the cabin, to the attempted escapes, to the work hours, are all reminiscent of slavery in America.

Foster has never disguised his belief in pan-Africanism and in the need for struggle to gain equity for black people in the Americas, particularly in Canada. In *Slammin' Tar*, he advocates clearly and forcefully for solidarity of black peoples throughout the world. But *Slammin' Tar* is not a manifesto. It is a deeply moving story of 21 men, forced to leave the families they barely know, to work from dawn to dusk in what for them is a God forsaken stretch of frozen earth.

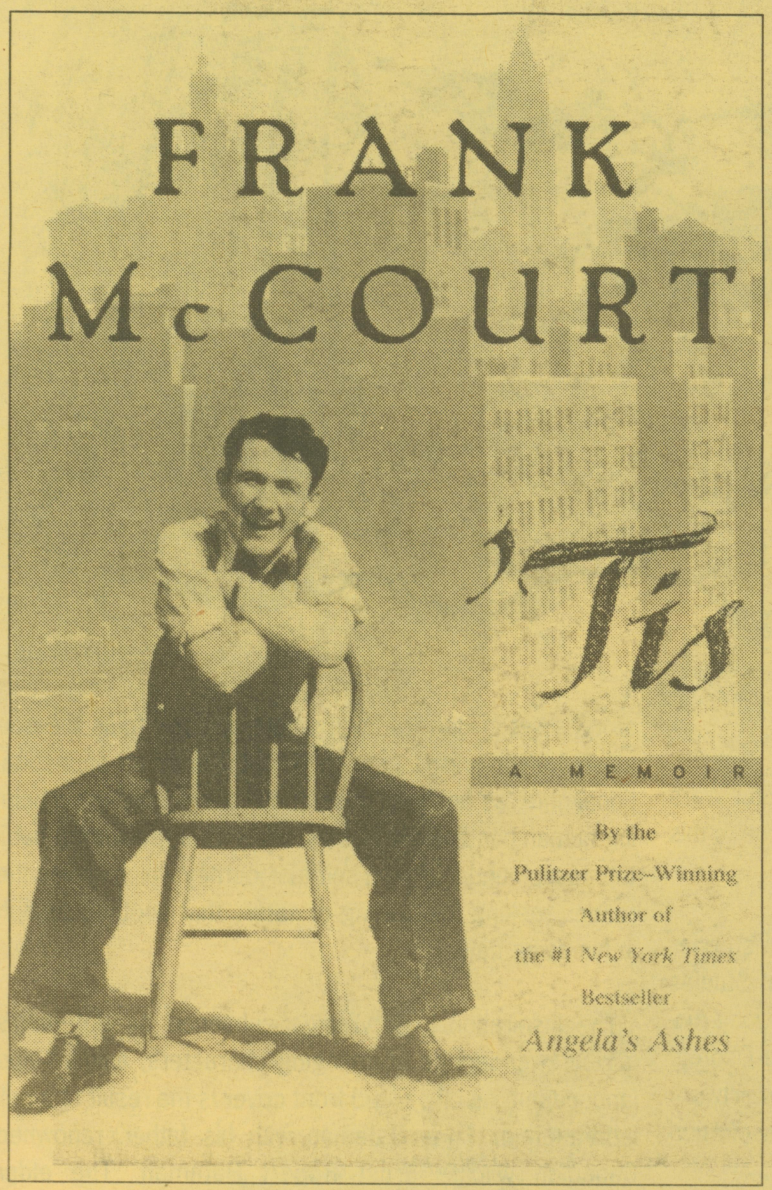
The characters are exceptionally well developed. The focus is on Johnny, the 42-year-old leader of the bunch who is on his 25th year of The Program. With him he brings his grandfather's diaries from Panama, where he helped dig the Panama Canal on the same Program Johnny is now on. Tommy is the second most experienced of the bunch, and suffering from a sickness that may send him back to Barbados for good. Timmy is an ardent black nationalist who believes, like Foster, in the need for black people to come together and rebel for their rights, beginning with the farm. Smokie is the cook who always dreams of running away, and Preacher Man, as you can guess, always has a line ready from the good book.

Most fascinating of all the characters, however, is Winston, the 17-year-old rookie, sent up to replace one of the older men who died in Barbados. Winston, as you can guess, is headstrong and not too cool with the work he's being forced to do, though he does have a thing for, you guessed it, the farmer's daughter. The Storyteller thinks he's a lost cause, but there are hints, very subtle ones, that he may be something more.

In all of his writing, Foster's biggest problem is he tends to spend more time reminiscing and polemicizing than he does just telling us what's going on. But this is a minor complaint, and it shouldn't prevent anyone from reading it.

People might find this book rigidly sexist. It is about 21 men who come from a rigidly sexist culture, and there are many references to "women's work" and "women's places," and especially, to how "illogical" and "strange" women are. But one of the main themes here is the storyteller and the men trying to grapple with change, and these changes include the equity of women.

Ultimately, this book isn't about racism, sexism or any other "ism." It's about the human condition, and I'd recommend this book to anyone interested in that.



'Tis an awfully strange title for a book

'Tis: A Memoir
Frank McCourt.
Scribner

BY NORMAN FREDERICK

What can you say about the astonishing Frank McCourt phenomenon? The new book by the Pulitzer Prize winner, *'Tis*, is out in an edition of a million hard cover copies and immediately rose to the top of the bestseller lists, even as his first book, *Angela's Ashes*, keeps selling steadily. And not a single explosion or courtroom drama anywhere.

A new edition of *Angela's Ashes* jumped immediately to number one on the paperback bestseller list this fall. A first edition of *Angela's Ashes* – just 27,000 were printed – now brings $650 U.S., for a book only three years old. McCourt's in *People* magazine, showing the big new house in Connecticut which the book royalties are buying. Everybody wants his copy – even *Rolling Stone* ran a long article about McCourt re-uniting with his daughter, a Grateful Deadhead, from whom he had been estranged for years, after his first marriage broke up. Tourism in Limerick, where McCourt grew up, now has hordes of visitors, who come to see where McCourt lived and went to Catholic school (Four pounds, please).

Book-loving Victoria has enthusiastically joined the McCourt mania.

The facts above come from a $16-a-ticket sellout last month at the Royal Theatre for a reading, Q&A session and book-signing. Toronto was the only other Canadian stop by the retired Manhattan high school English teacher, who says he has spent much of the last three years talking about and promoting *Angela's Ashes*.

The new book follows the last scene of *Angela*. As a teenager with "pimply face, sore eyes, and bad teeth," McCourt sails up the Hudson River on an Irish freighter, returning to New York as an American born in Brooklyn at the beginning of the Depression. He carries the scars of an impoverished childhood in Ireland, where he had to leave school at 14 and work in a newsstand and as a telegram messenger boy.

Angela has been read by more than just Americans and Canadians whose ancestors fled poverty and near-starvation in Ireland. The book has been translated into 26 languages, Hungarian most recently, McCourt told the Victoria audience. The characters are Irish, or Irish-American, but McCourt's story isn't particularly Irish or American. It's about a number of universal themes and 20th century experiences – poverty, alcoholism, education, religion. It's about immigration, about the strength of families, about abandonment and fulfillment. It's by turns, horrific, sad, hilarious, wonderful, depressing and did I say really sad?

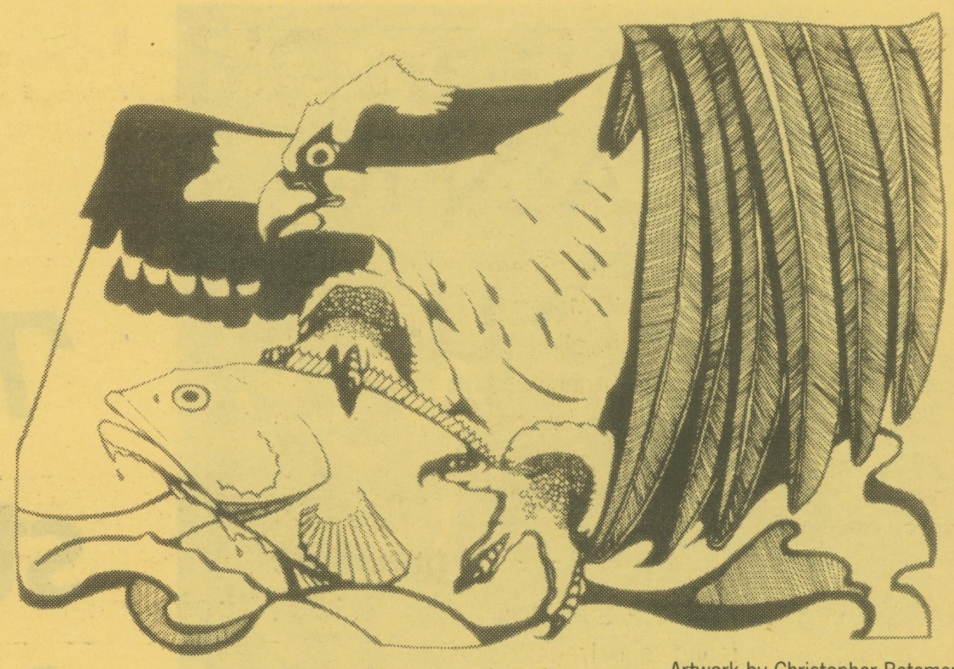
What also makes it a compelling story is that it's about real life and death. Maybe in the retelling of the real-life family stories, McCourt has polished his delivery and sharpened the punchlines, but he's entitled. The real tragedy in his story is the death of his young twin brothers and a sister, to tuberculosis, to ignorance and poverty of Ireland.

There's a compelling drama to his story, a quality of "life is hard, life is real." As he told the Victoria audience, he wrote the book to show how poverty damages people. McCourt hasn't been poor for half a century and he's certainly a rich man now, but the effects are still there. The anger has cooled but the man still resents what happened to him and his brothers. He still carries a big chip on his shoulder.

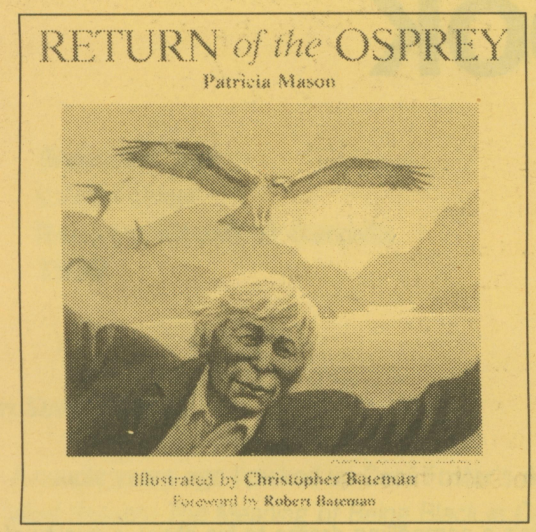
'Tis answers the obvious questions about what happened to McCourt back in America, how he found his first job in New York, cleaning cigarette butts from ashtrays and dirty dishes from tables at the Biltmore Hotel, envying the young, blonde long-legged Episcopalian students he served. Living in cheap boarding houses with other Irish immigrants, struggling to improve himself, his two-year stretch in the U.S. Army – first as a K-9 corps German shepherd trainer, then company clerk-typist – taking night school at New York University, and teaching English to reluctant working class kids at a vocational high school out on Staten Island.

Read *'Tis* and you hear voices. You hear Irish accents and find yourself trying out lilting bits of dialogue under your breath. The book is one long conversation, but there isn't a single set of quotation marks. It's Frank McCourt talking to himself and to his readers, telling wonderful stories. They may not be as dramatic as *Angela's Ashes*, but in their focus on the power of education and the importance of teaching, maybe he delivers a lesson even more important than the message of his first book.

Drawing a connection with nature



Artwork by Christopher Bateman



Return of the Osprey
Patricia Mason
Illustrated by Christopher Bateman
Foreword by Robert Bateman

BY TIM HARVEY

Return of the Osprey isn't the name of a new Star Wars movie, but "the Force is with you" is a major theme in this children's book.

The book features the illustrations of Christopher Bateman, a UVic Geography and Environmental Studies student who is known to *Martlet* readers for his long-running cartoon "The Nipple Four." In *Return of the Osprey*, Bateman's unmistakeable style shines through in artwork that traces the lifetime of a character who finds inspiration in nature.

Written by playwright, journalist and author Patricia Mason, this story highlights the value of natural surroundings, and the importance of protecting them.

Joseph, the main character, has a deep respect of the miracles of nature instilled in him by his grandfather. The story is set in Burrard Inlet, where industry fouls the paradise Joseph knows as a child. But it ends on an inspirational note, as an aging Joseph discovers that with a helping human hand, ospreys may return to a recovering habitat. Joseph undertakes a spiritual journey which leaves the reader seeking the healing of nature that soothes Joseph in his dying days.

The inspirational storyline is enhanced by Bateman's intricate renderings of changing characters, animals and landscapes. An oil-painted front cover is the result of a collaboration of Chris Bateman with his father, renowned Canadian wildlife artist Robert Bateman. The elder Bateman also contributes the foreword to the book.

An excellent choice for anyone who likes to be entertained and inspired, *Return of the Osprey* is perfect for young readers or listeners who stand to learn about the interaction of humankind with the natural world.

Drifting on an ocean towards oneness

Fishing with John
Edith Iglauer
Harbour Publishing, 1988.

BY DAVID BROWN

Emotion through objectivity. Edith Iglauer creates a fascinating narrative depicting her experiences on John Daly's More Kelp, a salmon fishing troller off the coast of British Columbia. She sits in the sidelines and records four years of her husband's traditions and his passion for fishing.

The plot moves as the boat through the ocean. We aren't given an anxious soap opera – characterization is slow and deliberating. Each page instills a greater knowledge of the sea, both in the reader and in Iglauer. Her intimacy with the trade and the West Coast develops with each fish caught, each storm endured, and each anchorage realized.

The point of view hovers in the objective first person. Before moving to Canada, Iglauer spent 25 years at *The New Yorker*. This background translates into a near exclusion of self in the novel – a definite strength. Without focus on melodrama, a tangible setting is evoked through concrete description, giving the reader a glimpse into fishing life. As a weakness, the style can seem dispassionate. Combined with a sluggish plot, some might find *Fishing with John* tedious and uninteresting. Regardless, Iglauer succeeds in providing a thorough introduction and commentary on the life of salmon fishing.

Possibly, her intent was to focus solely on Daly's vocation and character. Iglauer is successful, but as I started reading I was often left pondering on the emotional details of the relationship and of her own feelings. Yet, as the end of the book grows closer, her own subtle characterization develops. She hasn't excluded her self, but rather, her biases from life in New York. This works alongside her growing understanding of life at sea. However, as Iglauer hints at her emotional presence, she doesn't stray far from objectivity. Even in Daly's characterization, his passion for the sea is recounted only in dialogue. As the narrative closes, we are left with a brief, yet satisfying summation of Daly's love for the ocean. In three prophetic sentences, he offers Iglauer hope, and a unity in immortality.

"When you attain the oneness that I have with the sea and the mountains and the B.C. coast — and you will, you will — you can face anything, and alone, if you have to. This will be my hoped-for gift to you. Neither are we parted then, nor do we die."

Paradise is an Oklahoma town

BY DAVID BROWN

There is no such thing as paradise. There is no such thing as love. Toni Morrison opens the gates to Ruby, an all-black Oklahoma town divided by resentment and bitterness. An old iron oven marks a debated past, and youth threatens a decadent future. The town, defined by her inhabitants, is the only central character.

The people of Ruby are outcasts. In their search for a place to found their traditions and families, they are shut out by an uninviting world. Years of hard work push up a town they can be proud of, and even kill to protect.

But Ruby is not threatened by the outside world, she is threatened from within. Two religious leaders spite each other from behind the alter, two families cannot end an ancient argument, and a house on the periphery preaches its own brand of paradise. Ruby's domination by patriarchy and the feuding churches construct this house — the Convent — and the women within her, as scapegoats for the rising tension.

All the characters can see Ruby falling apart, and they place blame anywhere they can for her impending demise. They will find their paradise in any form they can, and mold it to their expectations. For some it is a divine faith, for others a secret tree beside a cold lake. Fettered by the rising contentions to each individual's faults, Ruby's inhabitants can never appreciate the paradise in which they have always existed.

"They shoot the white girl first. With the rest they can take their time."

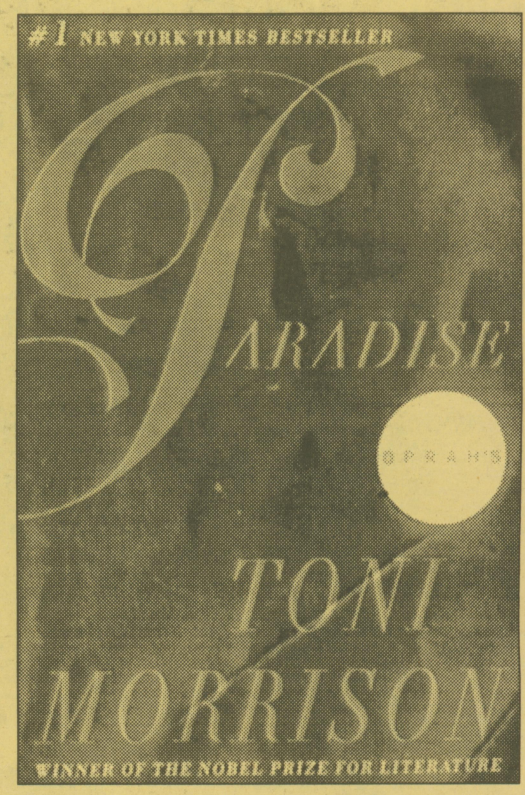
Morrison's prose reads like an extended short story. Each sentence suggests symbolic meaning, each word is carefully chosen. The evident themes are not definitive — she seems to ask more questions than she answers. The reader's preconceptions and prejudices concerning black-white relations are tested as the "white girl" is never directly attributed to a character. Feminism is questioned from an African-American perspective, as is the interpretation of Christianity by an all-black community.

The narrative does not remain close to one character, but instead focuses on the rising discontent within the town. As there is no single dominant interpretation of what Ruby should become, there is equal variation in the expectations of paradise. Not one individual is aligned entirely with the next. Each have their own agendas, their own contentions.

This sporadic writing style makes for brief characterization and indistinct plot movement. While it is obvious Morrison has laboured with perfectionist tendencies over her text, it can be difficult to follow the elusive suggestions which govern the themes and the characters' symbolic representations.

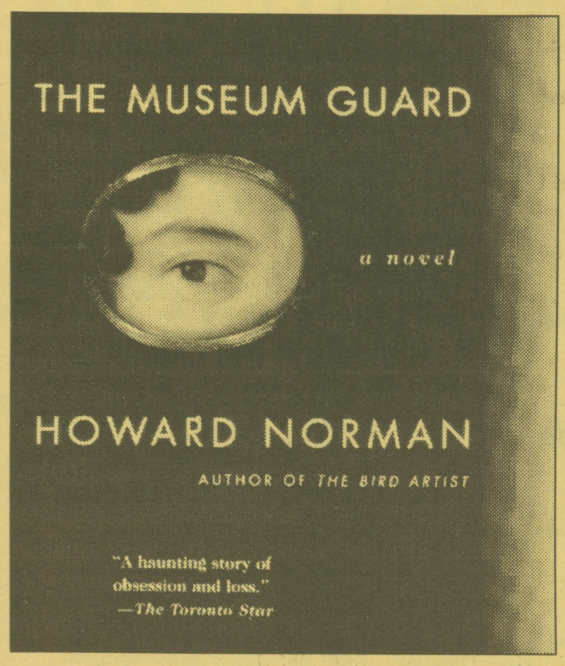
The end result of *Paradise* is an incredible novel which can be read numerous times without fully detailing all of Morrison's subtle inferences. The characters cannot be completely explained and the ending defies the realistic logic which governs the bulk of the text. Morrison confirms that, in an imperfect world, there is no such thing as paradise, and there is no such thing as love.

"God at their side, the men take aim. For Ruby."



Paradise
Toni Morrison
Plume Publishing
1997

An enticing tale of love, loss and obsession



The Museum Guard
Howard Norman
Alfred A. Knopff Canada
1998

BY STEVEN PLAUNT

Howard Norman's *The Museum Guard* is a tale of love and loss set in Halifax in the years immediately preceding the second World War. DeFoe Russet is the museum guard, orphaned at the age of nine when his parents were killed in a zeppelin crash over the Halifax fairgrounds. He is taken in by his Uncle Edward, who raises DeFoe to the best of his abilities, eventually using his tenuous sway to land his only nephew the job of museum guard in the Glace Museum in Halifax.

On his first day at work DeFoe meets the beautiful and intriguing Imogen Linny, the caretaker of the Jewish cemetery. A tenuous relationship evolves, one that DeFoe questions at every turn, eventually driving Imogen away.

Imogen becomes obsessed with a painting loaned to the museum by a Dutch painter. The painting is called Jewess on a Street in Amsterdam, and Imogen becomes convinced that she is the subject of the painting. Her relationship with DeFoe now finished, she spends hours in the museum staring at the painting. Imogen's fanatical obsession with the painting offers an ironic twist on DeFoe's obsession with her; each desires something, or rather, an ideal of something they can never have.

The writing throughout the novel is clear and insightful and at times, poignant. Themes of obsession and loss pervade the novel: DeFoe's obsession with Imogen, Imogen's obsession with the painting, the Dutch painter's obsession with his dead wife. But perhaps the most intriguing element explored within the book is the blurring of the line between art and life; how art can transcend everyday reality and become more than life, so that in the end one becomes indistinguishable from the other.

As one review stated, *The Museum Guard* "artfully combines beauty and dread on every page," and the result is a novel that's difficult to put down once begun. From the enticing first line to its startling denouement, *The Museum Guard* pulls the reader helplessly along for the ride, and remains in your mind long after the book is finished.

History chronicles how Bat-Baby overpowers Superman

Bat-Man: The Complete History: The Life and Times of the Dark Knight
Les Daniels
Chronicle Books
1999

BY DAVE CLEMENTS

Les Daniels has finally taken hold of his senses and chronicled a real superhero.

The Rhode Island author has spent a good chunk of his writing career chronicling the comic book industry and its icons. Most recently, he obsessed about Superman, with the well-received *Superman: The Complete History* and *the Superman Masterpiece Edition.*

That said, I have to confess that these books failed to interest me. After all, what is so interesting about a red-trunked hero that's virtually omnipotent (save the mysterious power of Krypton).

And to me, the fact that Supes is an alien has also always made him harder to identify with, and therefore even less interesting.

The same cannot be said for Batman, as Daniels shows in *Batman, The Complete History: The Life and Times of the Dark Knight* (Chronicle Books, Oct. 99).

Since he created all his own inventions (as well as his rippled physique), he's the epitome of the self-made superhero. And as a mere mortal, he has always had to rely on his own resources — both physical and monetary.

In addition, the fact that his witnessing his own parents murder is what drove him to crime-fighting has added a psychological mystique that Superman can never claim.

Face it, the guy's an enigma. And they're always more interesting than children of privilege.

It would appear that the world agrees with me. Batman, after all, is even more popular than Superman in sales terms.

This year marks the 60th anniversary of Bruce Wayne's battles with his own demons, not to mention the colorful villains of Gotham City. And this Chronicle Books offering can be said to be the first definitive account of Batman's exploits.

Daniels covers it all – from Batman's creation in 1939, to the memorable 1950s tv show (starring Adam West) tv show, to the blockbuster movies starring Keaton, Kilmer and Clooney.

Perhaps most appealing is the bevy of archival comic book art, which is reproduced in the fine quality Chronicle Books has become known for.

This book will be welcome under the Christmas tree of any Batman fan.

Gritty compilation of dime store pulp fiction

Pure Pulp
edited by Ed Gorman, Martin H. Greenberg and Bill Pronzini
Carroll & Graf Publishers, Inc.
1999

BY NICOLE BRANTON

Christmas is a time for family, festivities and relaxation. It is also the time for students to indulge in reading for pleasure rather than for class.

Pure Pulp is a perfect way to relax over the holiday or even as a break from studying – a collection of short stories that are deliciously seedy and entertaining. *Pure Pulp* is a compilation of stories from the 40s and 50s that originally appeared in the weekly pulp magazines of that era. Stories that explored the seedier side of American life, and take us down the dark city streets laden with prostitutes, violence and drugs. The stories describe a world that, although it frightens and disgusts many people, it also fascinates them. A world that still entertains us as much as it did the readers of dime novels 50 or 60 years ago. These stories glorified tough, hard done-by and mean private detectives who, despite everything, have a good heart and track down and expose criminals in every walk of life. These gritty yet noble men are often accompanied by seductive women and dedicated sidekicks who will do anything for the reluctant hero. The tales are also about the criminals who usually by some twist of fate – or because of amazing detective work – get what they deserve. The pulp genre of novel that was a companion to film noir and many great novels and films began in the pages of magazines such as *Manhunt* or *Verdict.*

Pure Pulp consists of 24 stories and one novella from many excellent writers. "The Pay-Off Girl" is an uplifting story that tells of a young man who falls in love with a girl and then rescues her from the trappings of small time organized crime. It was written by James M. Cain who later wrote novels such as *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Double Indemnity.* Another tale, "Design for Dying" tells a fascinating story of an ex con who returns to his wife after 14 years in prison and proceeds to destroy the men who got him sent to jail. This story was written by Leigh Brackett who went on to write for films such as *The Empire Strikes Back* and *The Big Sleep.*

The stories compiled in this book are not only still wonderful to read but they also give a sense of the history of crime writing. So take a walk down the city streets and enter the world of dank little bars, where the line between right and wrong has blurred. Without even leaving your couch.